

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1811.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

Price **Threepence.**
Stamped Edition, **Fourpence.**

THE GREAT EXHIBITION and the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—All the most INTERESTING DEPOSITS at the GREAT EXHIBITION will, in turn, be LECTURED ON at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The Present Lectures are by J. H. Pepper, Esq., on the Application of Iron and Steel in the Manufactures of the United Kingdom, now exhibiting in the Crystal Palace; and by Dr. Bachhoffner on the Electro-Metallic Deposits there, illustrated by a splendid Series of Messrs. Elkington's Specimens. The Exhibition of the Oxy-hydrogen Microscope, magnifying objects upwards of 100,000 times their natural size—The great economy of cooking by Gas explained—A Lecture on the History of the Harp, by Frederick Chatterton, Esq., with Vocal Illustrations—A Series of splendid Dissolving Views—Diver and Diving Bell, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, half-price.—Open daily from Half-past Ten till Five, and every evening from Seven till Half-past Ten.

GREAT EXHIBITION.—Mr. BAXTER, the Inventor and Patentee of Oil Colour Painting, will, on the day of the Closing of THE GREAT EXHIBITION, publish a View of the INTERIOR, as a companion to his Picture of the EXTERIOR, and in commemoration of the great event of the year 1851, portraying in all their variety, the beautiful and delicate paintings which are so conspicuous in the building, and forming a perfect facsimile of the Interior of the Crystal Palace, in all its gorgeous beauty, WHICH CANNOT BE EQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PROCESS. Price 3s. 6d. each, folio.

From the "TIMES," May 15, 1851.
"THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—In our own manufactures the mechanical genius of the country reigns supreme, it travels everywhere and invades every compartment, even that of the fine arts, in the court dedicated to which some of the most conspicuous contributions are specimens of printing in oil, and attempts to reproduce by mechanical means the sentiment and inspiration of the painter."

London: Sold wholesale by George Baxter, the Inventor and Patentee, 11 and 12, Northampton Square. Licenses granted to work the above process in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, &c. &c.—Instruction to Licensees.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—The URAN UTAN, presented by the Governor of Singapore, is exhibited daily from 12 to 6 o'clock, together with the ELEPHANT CALF and the HIPPOPOTAMUS, presented by His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt. The Band of the First Life Guards will perform, at Three o'clock, on Saturday, October 4, and on the following Saturday, at the same hour; for the last time this season. Admission, 1s.; on MONDAYS, 6d.

BRITISH SHELLS.—R. DAMON, of Weymouth, has directed his attention to the above branch of CONCHOLOGY, and favoured by the prolific nature of the Dorsetshire and neighbouring coasts, is enabled to offer carefully-named collections at the following very moderate prices:—

| | |
|--|---------|
| 100 Species, containing, on an average, 3 of each Species..... | £2 12 6 |
| 200 ditto..... | 6 6 0 |
| 300 ditto..... | 12 12 0 |
| 400 ditto..... | |

R. D. has an opportunity for procuring many of the rare British Shells. Specimens safely transmitted by post.

PUBLISHING LABELS FOR BRITISH SHELLS.

STEREOSCOPE, DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAITS, AND OTHER PICTURES.

MR. CLAUDET begs to announce that he is enabled to produce in the greatest perfection these new and extraordinary Pictures, which, when seen through the binocular instrument invented by Professor Wheatstone, modified by Sir David Brewster, and constructed by M. Soleil of Paris, present the aspect of objects standing out in their natural relief.

Two Portraits simultaneously taken at different angles by means of a double Camera Obscura, exhibit in the Stereoscope a single Picture, producing by this coincidence the most wonderful effect, and having the exact appearance of a real statue, the illusion is so complete that no words can convey an idea of the splendid result of this application of Photography to the brilliant discovery of Professor Wheatstone.

The Stereoscope illustrates, in a simple practical manner, the phenomenon of binocular vision, one of the most sublime provisions of nature.

Portraits are taken daily at Mr. Claudet's Photographic Gallery, 107, Regent Street Quadrant, near Vigo Street: admission free for the inspection of specimens.

Now ready, price 15s. each,
PARTS IV. and V. of the OFFICIAL DESCRIPTIVE and ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing the Colonies, Foreign States, and full Index of Names and Subjects, completing the Work.

SPICER BROTHERS, Wholesale Stationers.
WM. CLOWES and SONS, Printers.
Official Catalogue Office, 29, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at Hyde Park, and of all Booksellers.

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE.—FOURTH CORRECTED and IMPROVED EDITION, dated September 15th, with the additions from Sweden, &c., price 1s. 3d.

The Official Catalogue may also be had bound with the Indexes of Names and Articles, and all the British and Foreign Printed Lists, with Lists of Jurors, Local Committees, &c., price 7s. 6d.

SPICER BROTHERS, Wholesale Stationers.
WM. CLOWES and SONS, Printers.
Official Catalogue Office, 29, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at Hyde Park, and of all Booksellers.

Complete in Three handsome Volumes, price Three Guineas.

OFFICIAL DESCRIPTIVE and ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of the GREAT EXHIBITION of the WORKS of INDUSTRY of ALL NATIONS, 1851.

This work is also published in Five Parts: Parts 1 and 2, price 10s. each, and Parts 3, 4, and 5, price 15s. each.

SPICER BROTHERS, Wholesale Stationers.
WM. CLOWES and SONS, Printers.
Official Catalogue Office, 29, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at Hyde Park, and of all Booksellers.

GREAT EXHIBITION.

HUNT'S HANDBOOK COMPLETE, Price 6s.

By ROBERT HUNT, Professor of Mechanical Science, Government School of Mines.

"Every care has been taken to render this compilation a record worthy of preservation, as giving within a limited space a faithful description of certainly one of the most remarkable events which has ever taken place upon this island, or in the world—the gathering together from the ends of the earth, of the products of human industry, the efforts of human thought."—EXTRACT FROM PREFACE.

"The most instructive guide to the Exhibition while it is open—we have no doubt that this 'Hand-Book' will become hereafter one of the most popular mementoes and histories of the actual gathering of the nations."—ATHENÆUM.

"The most complete and popular Guide published. Useful in the Exhibition, and agreeable afterwards as a reminiscence of what was seen in the great year of 1851."—SPECTATOR.

"Let no one imagine that because the Great Exhibition will shortly be closed that the 'Hand-Book' is not therefore needed; on the contrary, it should be read and retained by all as a compact and portable record of what they have seen exhibited."—LITERARY GAZETTE.

SPICER BROTHERS, Wholesale Stationers.

WM. CLOWES and SONS, Printers.

29, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at Hyde Park, of all Booksellers in Town and Country, and at the Railway Stations.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CXCH.,

will be published on SATURDAY NEXT, the 11th inst

CONTENTS.

1. COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY: BOPP.
2. DENISTOUN'S DUKES OF URBINO.
3. SOURCES OF EXPRESSION IN ARCHITECTURE: RUSKIN.
4. JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.
5. MIRABEAU'S CORRESPONDENCE.
6. THE METAMORPHOSES OF APULEIUS.
7. NEAPOLITAN JUSTICE.
8. THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC THEORY.
9. THE CATALOGUE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION. NOTE TO ARTICLE VI. OF LAST NUMBER.

London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLXXVIII.,

is published THIS DAY.

CONTENTS.

1. WIDOW BURNING IN INDIA.
2. LIFE OF BISHOP KEN.
3. PURITANISM IN THE HIGHLANDS.
4. MIRABEAU AND COUNT DE LA MARCK.
5. SIR THOMAS BROWNE—WILKIN'S EDITION.
6. THE LEXINGTON PAPERS.
7. LYELL ON LIFE AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.
8. PAPAL PRETENSIONS.
9. REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL

(OCTOBER 1).

CONTENTS:—Compulsory and Voluntary Education.—The School of Pharmacy: Sessions 1851-2.—Proposed Board of Examiners for Scotland.—Remuneration for Professional Services.—The Mineral Waters of Baden-Baden.—Examples of Injudicious Prescribing.—Sugar in the Urine of a Horse.—The Great Exhibition: British Guiana.—Abyssinian Remedies for Tape Worm.—Tests for Cinchona Barks.—Cinchona Pitaya.—The India-Rubber Tree.—Meat Biscuit.—Discovery of Gold in Australia.—Disease of the Grape Vine.—Test for Iodides.—Action to recover Fees for Chemical Analysis.—The Life and Works of Cavendish, &c. &c. Price 1s.

Published by John Churchill, Princes Street, Leicester Square; MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Fannin and Co., Dublin.

VOLUME X. may be had in boards, as well as the preceding volumes, price 12s. 6d. each.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR

OCTOBER, 1851, contains the following articles: 1. Original Letters of Edmund Burke, relative to his office of Paymaster General; 2. Ulrich Von Hutten, Part II. The Wurtemberg Tragedy; 3. Monk and the Restoration; 4. Historical Illustrations of the reign of Henry VII., his visit to York in 1487; 5. Recent Discoveries near Rome, communicated by Benjamin Gibson, Esq., with Engravings; 6. Memoir of Bishop Copleston; 7. Memoir of Colonel Springett the Puritan, by his Daughter; 8. Original Letters of King James II., relating to the Siege of Derry; 9. Bolton Church, Lincolnshire, with a Plate. With various Correspondence; Notes of the Month; Reports of the Archaeological Meetings at Derby, Bristol, Tenby, Ely, Swaffham, Leighton Buzzard, &c. Historical Chronicle and OBITUARY, including Memoirs of the Earl of Clare, Rear-Admiral Lord John Hay, Hon. Keppel Craven, Sir Henry Jardine, Charles Kenig, Esq., F.R.S., Dr. O'Sullivan, Dr. Edward Johnstone, Edward Quillinan, Esq., Mons. Daguerre, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.

Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street, Westminster.

Recently published,

(Under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.)

ZOOLOGY OF THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. SAMARANG.

Edited by ARTHUR ADAMS, F.L.S., Assistant-Surgeon, R.N., attached to the Expedition.

VERTEBRATA. By JOHN EDWARD GRAY, F.R.S. Keeper of the Zoological Department of the British Museum.

FISHES. By Sir JOHN RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

MOLLUSCA. By the EDITOR and LOVELL REVE, F.L.S. Including the Anatomy of the *Spirula*, by Prof. OWEN, F.R.S.

CRUSTACEA. By the EDITOR and ADAM WHITE, F.L.S.

* Complete in one handsome royal 4to volume, containing 55 plates. Price, strongly bound in cloth, £3 10s.

Reeve and Benham, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Just published, in post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

MEMORIALS of SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY,

R.A., Sculptor, in Hallamshire and elsewhere. By JOHN HOLLAND.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans; Sheffield: J. Pearce, Jun.

NEW PART OF DR. COPLAND'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

This day is published, Part XV. 8vo, 4s. 6d. of a

DICTIONARY of PRACTICAL MEDICINE.

By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

Volumes I. and II., 8vo, price £3, cloth; and Parts X. XI. XII. XIII. and XIV., price 4s. 6d. each.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

Immediately, in 2 vols., price £1 4s.

A HISTORY of the ENGLISH RAILWAY:

its Social Relations and Revelations. By JOHN FRANCIS, Author of "The History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions," and "Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange."

London: Longman, Brown, and Co., 39, Paternoster Row.

STANDARD WORKS.

I.
In 16 vols. imperial 8vo, (Supplement included,) price £9 12s. cloth lettered,

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the Society

for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE LONG, A.M.

II.
In 8 vols. imperial 8vo, price £5 12s. cloth lettered,

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY of ENGLAND;

being a History of the People as well as of the Kingdom. Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts, and One Hundred and Four Portraits engraved on Steel. By GEORGE L. CRAIK and CHARLES MACFARLANE.

* A Complete INDEX to the Work, by H. C. HAMILTON, Esq., of the State Paper Office, is now ready. Price 10s. cloth.

III.
In 2 vols. imperial 8vo, price £2 2s. cloth lettered,

THE HISTORY of ENGLAND during the

THIRTY YEARS' PEACE: 1816-1846. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IV.
In 4 vols. imperial 8vo, price £2 10s. cloth lettered,

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE; illustrated with

Steel Engravings after celebrated Pictures, and many hundred Woodcuts; with Original Notes, explanatory of Passages connected with the History, Geography, Natural History, Literature, and Antiquities of the Sacred Scriptures. By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A.

London: Wm. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner.

This day, Second Edition, with Additions, 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE EXPOSITION of 1851; or, Views of the

Industry, the Science, and the Government of England. By CHARLES RABBAGE, Esq., Author of the "Economy of Manufactures and Machinery."

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Third Edition, Two Volumes, Octavo, 34s., of

LECTURES on the PRINCIPLES and PRAC-

TICE of PHYSIC, delivered at King's College, London. By THOMAS WATSON, M.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians.

London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

Next week will be published,

MEMOIRS and ADVENTURES of Sir JOHN

HEPBURN, Knight, Colonel of the Scots Brigade in Sweden, Governor of Munich, and Marshal of France under Louis XIII. By JAMES GRANT, Esq., Author of "Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange," &c. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

Next week will be published,

LETTERS on the TRUTHS CONTAINED in

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS. With an Account of Mesmerism. By HERBERT MAYO, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. The Third Edition, price 7s.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Next week will be published, price 1s.

HOURS AND DAYS.

By THOMAS BURBIDGE.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

THE STORY GARDEN.

Just published, price 2s. 6d., illustrated by Whimper.

SOMETHING NEW from the STORY GARDEN.

Brought by Sister for Ida, Agnes, and Ernie.

"A little book after our own heart, by some English Hans Andersen, full of wise and loving teaching."—LADIES' COMPANION.

"Written in a pleasing style, and in an excellent spirit."—LITERARY GAZETTE.

"Pleasant and well conceived—elegantly written—illustrated by woodcuts, really clever and graceful."—GUARDIAN.

"Another of the Messrs. Groombridge's exquisite works for children."—WILTSHIRE INDEPENDENT.

"Reminds us of 'The Story without an end.'"—ATLAS.

London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

This day is published, 5th edition, price 3s.; post free, 3s. 6d.

AN ESSAY ON SPERMATORRHOEA.

By RICHARD DAWSON, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. Also, by the same Author, 8vo, cloth lettered, 3s.; post free, 3s. 6d.

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS: being a few Observations on Nervous Disorders, the result of an extensive experience in the treatment of those Diseases; with some Remarks on the Use and Abuse of Hydropathy.

London: Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster Row.

8, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

MR. BENTLEY

WILL PUBLISH IN OCTOBER

THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS.

I.

In Two Vols. 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF POLITICAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS EMPLOYED IN AFGHANISTAN THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE PERIOD OF BRITISH CONNECTION WITH THAT COUNTRY.

BY JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

* * * Written from the unpublished Letters and Journals of the most distinguished Military and Political Officers employed in Afghanistan throughout the momentous years of British connexion with that country.

Including the Unpublished Correspondence of SIR W. H. MACNAGHTEN, Envoy Minister at the Court of Cabul; The Letters and Journals of SIR ALEXANDER BURNES; MAJOR ELDRED POTTINGER, (including his Journal of the Siege of Herat); CAPTAIN ARTHUR CONOLLY, (including the Journal of his Bokhara Captivity); SIR JASPER NICHOLLS, (Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army); The Correspondence of GENERALS ELPHINSTONE, SHELTON, POLLOCK, NOTT, SALE, &c. &c.; together with the Letters of SHAH SOOJAH, AKBAR KHAN, PUTTEH JUNG, and MOONSHEE MOHUN LAL. All now first published from the Original Manuscript.

II.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST IN 1850-51,

INCLUDING A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FREDERICK WALPOLE.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations.

III.

THE WHALE.

BY HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of "Typee," "Omoo," &c.

3 vols. post 8vo.

IV.

UNIFORM WITH "THE CLOCKMAKER." NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF

THE ATTACHE;

OR, SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND. One vol. small 8vo, 5s.

V.

THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

A NOVEL.

Edited by CAPTAIN ASHTON.

2 vols. post 8vo.

VI.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF

PADDIANA.

One volume, small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

VII.

LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY DR. CHEEVER,

Author of "The Whale and its Captors." Post 8vo.

VIII.

THE BARONESS VON BECK.

A REFUTATION

OF THE

CHARGE OF IMPOSITION AND FRAUD,

Recently made at the Police Court of Birmingham against the Baroness von Beck, based upon authentic documentary evidence.

Collected by CONSTANT DERRA DE MORODA.

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street, (Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. CARLYLE'S NEW WORK.

In 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d. cloth,

THE LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

[In a few days.]

In 1 vol. post 8vo,

THE PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

BY EDWARD P. THOMPSON,
Author of "Note-Book of a Naturalist," &c.

In 1 vol., price 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH SONGS,

And other Small Poems.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

A New Edition, with numerous Additions.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

NEW BOOKS**TO BE PUBLISHED THIS SEASON.**

I.

Sir J. RICHARDSON'S BOAT VOYAGE through RUPERT'S LAND and along the CENTRAL ARCTIC COASTS in SEARCH of the DISCOVERY SHIPS under Sir J. FRANKLIN. 2 vols. 8vo. Plates, Maps, Woodcuts.

II.

Mr. J. A. SHARP'S NEW and COMPLETE BRITISH GAZETTEER. Comprising about Sixty Thousand Names of Places. 2 vols. 8vo.

III.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE, delivered before the University of Cambridge. By the Right Hon. Sir JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo.

IV.

HIPPOLYTUS and his AGE. By the CHEVALIER C. C. J. BUNSEN, D.C.L. 2 vols. post 8vo.

V.

BISHOP THIRLWALL'S HISTORY of GREECE. An improved Library Edition; with Maps. Vol. VI. 8vo.

* * * The concluding volumes (VII. and VIII.) will be ready shortly.

VI.

Sir BENJ. C. BRODIE'S PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCHES. Collected and republished from the *Philosophical Transactions*. 8vo.

VII.

SHARON TURNER'S HISTORY of the ANGLO-SAXONS. Seventh Edition. 3 vols. 8vo.

VIII.

The BOOK of DIGNITIES. Being a New Edition, improved and continued, of BEATSON'S POLITICAL INDEX. By JOSEPH HAYDN. 8vo.

IX.

A NATURALIST'S SOJOURN IN JAMAICA. By P. H. GOSSE, Esq. With Coloured Plates. Post 8vo.

X.

WESLEY AND METHODISM. By ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Loyola and Jesuitism." Post 8vo. Portrait.

XI.

The Rev. C. MERIVALE'S HISTORY of the ROMANS under the EMPIRE. Vol. III., completing the History to the Establishment of the Monarchy by Augustus. 8vo.

XII.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE in 1850 and 1851. By JAMES CAIRD of Baldoon, Agricultural Commissioner to *The Times*. 8vo.

XIII.

New Edition of BLAINE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA of RURAL SPORTS. Corrected to 1851 by HARRY HIEOVER, EPHEMERA, and Mr. A. GRAHAM. 8vo. Woodcuts.

XIV.

HISTORY of the ENGLISH RAILWAY: its SOCIAL RELATIONS and REVELATIONS. By JOHN FRANCIS. 2 vols. 8vo.

XV.

Sir W. HAMILTON'S CRITICAL DISCUSSIONS from the *Edinburgh Review*; corrected and enlarged. 8vo.

XVI.

SENTIMENTS AND SIMILES OF SHAKESPEARE. Illuminated and Illustrated by HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS. Square post 8vo, in massive carved covers, with medallion Head.

XVII.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES. Illustrated by D. MACLISE, R.A. New Edition, printed in super-royal 8vo. With 161 Designs engraved on Steel.

XVIII.

PROTESTANTISM AND POPERY CONTRASTED. Edited by the Rev. JOHN EDMUND COX, M.A., of All Souls' College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

CENSUS of the UNITED STATES.—The Seventh Census of the United States of America, 1850. Compiled from Official and other Authentic Sources. By R. S. FISHER, M.D. 18mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.

BOOK of the TELEGRAPH.—Book of the Telegraph; with Numerous Illustrations. By DANIEL DAVIS. 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.

MICROSCOPIST (The); or, a Complete Manual on the Use of the Microscope, for Physicians, Students, and all Lovers of Natural Science; with Illustrations. By JOSEPH H. WYTHES, M.D. 12mo, 6s.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—A System of Photography; containing an explicit Detail of the whole Process of Daguerreotype, according to the most approved method of Operating, including all the late valuable Improvements, &c. By S. D. HUMPHREY. 18mo, 9s.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART JOURNAL.—Edited by H. H. SNELLING. Vol. I. 1851. Royal 8vo, 18s.

DAGUERREIAN JOURNAL.—The Daguerreian Journal, devoted to the Daguerreian and Photographic Arts; also embracing the Sciences, Arts, and Literature. S. D. HUMPHREY, Editor. Vol. I. 8vo, 18s.

SCIENTIFIC ANNUAL; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements; List of Scientific Publications; Patents; Obituaries, &c. Post 8vo, Portrait of Professor Silliman. 12mo, 7s. 6d.

PATENT OFFICE REPORTS.—Annual Reports of the Commissioner of Patents for the years 1849 and 1850. 2 vols. 10s.

COTTON SPINNING.—The American Cotton Spinner, and Managers' and Carders' Guide; a Practical Treatise on Cotton Spinning. Compiled from the Papers of the late ROBERT H. BAIRD. 12mo. 7s.

ENGINEERS' POCKET COMPANION.—The Pocket Companion for Machinists, Mechanics, and Engineers. By OLIVER BYRNE. 12mo. roan tuck, 6s. 6d.

MILLINGTON'S CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Elements of Civil Engineering; being an attempt to consolidate the principles of the various operations of the Civil Engineer, into point of view, for the use of Students. By JOHN MILLINGTON. 1 vol. 8vo. With 273 Illustrations. 21s. cloth.

GEOLOGY OF CALIFORNIA.—Geology and Industrial Resources of California. By PHILIP T. TYSON. Maps. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MARINE BOILERS.—A Treatise on the Marine Boilers of the United States. By B. H. BARTOE, Engineer. 1 vol. 8vo, plates. 12s. cloth.

OVERMAN ON STEEL.—The Manufacture of Steel, containing the Practice and Principles of working and making Steel; a Handbook for Blacksmiths and Workers in Steel and Iron, &c., and for Men of Science and Art. By FREDERICK OVERMAN. 12mo, 4s. 6d.

OVERMAN'S PRACTICAL MECHANICS.—Mechanics for the Millwright, Machinist, Engineer, Civil Engineer, Architect, and Student, containing a clear Elementary Exposition of the Principles and Practice of building Machines. By FREDERICK OVERMAN. With Illustrations. 12mo, 7s.

OVERMAN'S PRACTICAL MINERALOGY.—Practical Mineralogy, Mining and Assaying, Instructions for Assaying and Mining, Description of Useful Minerals, &c. By FREDERICK OVERMAN. 12mo, 4s. 6d.

OVERMAN'S FOUNDER'S GUIDE.—The Moulder's and Founder's Pocket Guide. A Treatise on Moulding and Founding in Green Sand, Dry Sand, Loam, and Cement, &c. &c.; with an Appendix. By FREDERICK OVERMAN. With 42 Wood Engravings. 12mo, 6s.

MINERALOGY.—A Manual of Mineralogy for the Use of Students. By JAMES D. DANA. 1 vol. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE IROQUOIS.—Notes on the Iroquois, or Contributions to American History, Antiquities, and General Ethnology. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. 8vo, 18s.

THE RED MAN OF AMERICA.—Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, L.L.D. Illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Capt. U.S.A. Published by Authority of Congress. Part I. 4to, 5l. 5s.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—Their History, Conditions, and Prospects, from Original Notes and Manuscripts. By HEN. R. SCHOOLCRAFT. 1 vol. 8vo, 14s.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—Antiquities of the State of New York, being the results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations, with a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West. By E. G. SQUIER, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. 14s. cloth.

London: THOMAS DELF, Importer of American Books, American Literary Agency, 12, Paternoster Row.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

REVIEWS.

Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., Sculptor, in Hallamshire and elsewhere.
By John Holland. Longmans.

WE are getting on! Holland, though far from being all we could wish, is a great improvement upon Jones. The 'Memorials' are infinitely more satisfactory than the 'Recollections.' In the former, amidst much that is bombastic and from the purpose, there is still something for the memory to preserve; in the latter there is scarcely a page which we are not solicitous to forget. In the volume of the Hallamshire writer there is at least 'stuff' pertinent to the subject, and of value to the future biographer. In the book of the Royal Academician there is, we admit, 'stuff' also, but of a very different order, and certainly of little value to any person but the owner.

In one respect the two contributions have a singular resemblance, and it is worth noting. Both are written by gentlemen who evidently tied stilts to their feet before they presumed to take pen in hand. Their ambition is immense. A more natural and simple subject than the life of Francis Chantrey perhaps never presented itself to the consideration of an author, yet seldom has so much magnificent writing been thrown away upon any literary effort. Mr. Jones cannot open his lips without quoting classical authors, whose language must needs be unintelligible to many of his readers, or delivering himself in English of magniloquent reflections incomprehensible to all. Mr. Holland seems resolved not to be outdone in these respects by his distinguished predecessor. He quotes Latin (and misspells it too!) and he flies off at every convenient opportunity from the matter in hand to indulge in soliloquies that ought never to have left the safe privacy of his own breast. The truth is, we suspect, that the very simplicity of Chantrey's character, intellectual and social, is a stumbling-block in the path of his worshippers. Nothing is more difficult than effortless writing, and we can easily believe that few things are more trying to a romantic biographer than plain, straightforward delineation. Our authors should have taken a lesson from the hero they seek to immortalize. He invariably permitted Nature to speak for herself. Why should they overlay a beautiful form with uncouth drapery of their own manufacture?

Mr. Holland divides his book into six parts, to which he gives the following titles: 'The Boyhood of Genius,' 'Chantrey as a Portrait Painter,' 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' 'The Sculptor in Sheffield,' 'London Life and Works,' and 'Mortuary Memorials.' The professed object of the work is to contribute special information to the general store, which it is hoped some worthy biographer is yet collecting for the edification of the public, and for the justification of the fame of Francis Chantrey. The writer is a countryman of the sculptor's, and has accordingly a peculiar interest in his reputation. He has manifestly taken pains to collect such materials as are chiefly accessible to a Hallamshire* man, and

* Hallamshire is a district, of which the ancient limits have been variously defined, but of which Sheffield is the modern capital. In its widest early meaning it comprehended what are now the separate parishes of Sheffield, Ecclesfield, and Handsworth; and as a territory over which the jurisdiction of the 'Company of Cutlers' extended by Act of James I., a still wider additional outline of 'six miles compass' was assigned to it.

to the extent of the service rendered, he deserves our thanks. What that service amounts to, we shall learn as we proceed.

'The Boyhood of Genius' is occupied for the most part with an indignant denial of the greater portion of the facts published in the 'Recollections of Chantrey,' by Mr. Jones, a gentleman for whom Mr. Holland has the greatest possible respect, but against whose 'mistakes' he wages deadly and irreconcilable war. "Indeed, whatever degree of interest may be claimed for the bulk of Mr. Jones's book, the early portion is at once meagre, vague, and erroneous in a remarkable degree, considering the accessibility of better information." Nothing, unfortunately, seems right that Mr. Jones has ventured to record. He asserts that Chantrey was born in 1782. Mr. Holland has it from Chantrey's own mother, that he came into the world "on the 7th of April, 1781, about seven in the morning." Mr. Jones tells us that the sculptor's "father cultivated a small property of his own;" Mr. Holland, that "he rented a small farm, first under Mr. Offley, then under Mr. Shore." The 'Recollections' assert that Chantrey's father died when his son "was eight years of age;" the boy was positively twelve at the time, as appears from the inscriptions on his grave-stone, "with which Mr. Jones might have been presumed to be familiar." Mr. Jones says, further, that during the lifetime of the father, he (Chantrey, senior) "wished to give to his son Francis an education suited to his station, and based on the best dictates of common sense." Mr. Holland does not profess to understand what this sentence drives at, but whatever it may mean, he declares it to be not "the actual reality of the case." He is equally scandalized to find that, twenty years after a public denial has been given to the statement, Mr. Jones—for whom he has the highest regard—should still persist in saying, that when Chantrey's "profession was determined by his friends, it was their intention to place him with a lawyer in Sheffield." No such intention, insists Mr. Holland, ever existed. When old Chantrey's widow married again, the boy was sent to a relative of the new husband, who kept a grocer's shop, and behind whose counter the future sculptor for a few weeks actually served. At his own request he was removed from the shop and apprenticed to Mr. Ramsay, the carver and gilder, of High-street. Mr. Holland follows Jones into Ramsay's premises, and worries him again there. Mr. Jones calls the said Ramsay "a carver in wood." "He was more!" proudly exclaims Mr. Holland, from the fulness of his own local knowledge; "he was also a dealer in prints and plaster models, of which he had a large collection in his shop, in the High-street in Sheffield, by far the best repository of works of art then or since in that town." Mr. Jones would certainly have been a happier man had he never turned his attention to biographical studies. Holland is remorseless. Mr. Jones states that Chantrey, during his apprenticeship, longed so ardently to practise art in a higher class than wood-carving, that at the age of twenty-one, and within six months of his being out of his time, he gave his whole wealth—viz., fifty pounds, to induce Ramsay to cancel his indentures. "Alas for the fifty pounds, and the six months!" triumphantly and contemptuously writes the persecuting Holland. "Why, three years of his time were actually unexpired, and he could not have found fifty pounds of his own cash,

to save his life!" "Mr. Jenkins of Hazlebarrow" advanced the money! This it is to be born in Hallamshire! Mr. Jones, who is sometimes very particular in his narration, writes that "Sir Francis felt a pleasure in declaring, that in his early career he had mowed an acre of grass in a day, and ploughed an acre of land in a day, and also thrashed a quarter of corn in a day." It is easy for biographers to make these wholesale assertions, but Mr. Holland has a tolerably safe question to put to Mr. Jones on the subject, which, we fear, it will much trouble that gentleman speedily to answer. "If these things were done," cruelly asks he of Hallamshire, "when did Chantrey perform them?" In 1811, Chantrey married his cousin, Miss Wale; with the lady he received 10,000*l.* "So," according to Mr. Holland, "says Mr. Jones in his book, which, dedicated to, and distributed by, Lady Chantrey, ought to be good authority on these points." Ought to be, but, unluckily again, is not! Why, would you believe it? The marriage took place, according to the register, as early as 1809, and the bridegroom received only 1000*l.* on his wedding-day, although, from first to last, he obtained "from the parents and relatives of his wife, considerably more than the sum named by Mr. Jones."

Far be it from us to complain of the minute exactness upon which Mr. Holland so legitimately prides himself, and which his familiar acquaintance with the neighbourhood of Chantrey's birthplace enabled him to attain. But a gentleman so exceedingly particular, and so resolutely bent upon rejecting all testimony, by whomever offered, that cannot bear the sifting of a court of law, ought certainly to be a model of accuracy himself, and especially careful not to raise his battlements upon slippery foundations. We are forced to say that Mr. Holland is, by no means, always scrupulously exact in his narrative, or successful in overthrowing evidence which he obstinately refuses to admit. In one place, he speaks of Mrs. D'Oyley, "of Southrap, county of Gloucester, and Cadogan Place, May Fair," no such "Place" being in any such "Fair" as Mr. Jones may take the opportunity of stating when he publishes the next edition of his 'Recollections.' At another page, and in one and the same sentence, the most admirable precision is exhibited, together with the most unpardonable laxity. "In the summer of this year," writes Mr. Holland, at page 324, "the sculptor paid his last visit to his old friend, John Read, Esq., who was then residing at Derwent Hall, his object being to enjoy the sport of grouse-shooting, the season for which commences on the 12th of August." Now most of us know, without Mr. Holland's considerate hint, when grouse-shooting begins; but none of us can possibly tell what particular summer the sculptor selected for his interesting visit to Derwent Hall, unless Mr. Holland is good enough to inform us, and to this important point no clue whatever is afforded in the text. At page 272, the author of the 'Memorials' complains of Mr. Peter Cunningham, because that gentleman has declared that the snowdrops placed in the hand of the young girl in the Lichfield monument, are "a touch of poetic beauty suggested by his father;" and, in order to refute this statement, publishes another from "Mr. Edward Hawkins, which so explicitly and satisfactorily establishes Chantrey's credit as the original designer of the 'Sleeping Children,' that it may be hoped the question can never be revived again."

The reader will find nothing in Mr. Hawkins' quoted words either to refute the claim set up by Mr. Peter Cunningham on behalf of his father, or to invalidate in any way the account which he gives of the sketch from which Chantrey wrought his inimitable monument:—

"In the year 1813," writes Mr. Holland, in somewhat awkward English, "Chantrey was a visitor at Meadowbank, where he modelled a bust of Mrs. Maconochie, the wife of his friend and patron, who was at that time Solicitor-General. It is in allusion to this—the first bust of a lady which Chantrey ever executed, which was afterwards transferred to marble, and exhibited in Somerset House, where it equally excited admiration as a likeness and as a work of art—that the author of an early memoir of the sculptor says, 'Nature furnished him with a beautiful form, and his art reflects back Nature.'"

To this paragraph a note is appended, singularly fatal to Mr. Holland's character for exactness, and remarkable as a specimen of his jealous hypercriticism. In the first place, he refers the quotation from the early memoir to the 'European Magazine,' 1822, p. 5; and, secondly, he absurdly takes exception against the memoir writer for describing Mrs. Maconochie as "the lady of a Scotch judge," because that situation was not filled by her husband until some years after the bust was taken. The facts are, that the memoir in question originally appeared, not in the 'European Magazine,' 1822, p. 5, but in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1820, p. 3; and that, when the writer, Mr. Allan Cunningham, described the bust as that of "the lady of a Scotch judge," he spoke in the only way it was proper and right to speak, at the time, of the wife of Lord Meadowbank.

Francis Chantrey is a great name in England. It is associated with the names of illustrious men who, in other departments of poetry, have by the force of genius shaken a nation's belief in the spurious excellence of art, and compelled a reverence for the simple and eternal forms of nature. It yet remains a problem how it came to pass that in the seventeenth century, as if with the vehemence of an avalanche and the suddenness of a storm, that destroys, buries, and obliterates whole cities, a blight fell upon Literature and Art, from which a hundred years were not sufficient to enable them to recover. Spencer had scarcely ceased to speak, the strains of Shakspeare were still thrilling in the public ear, Milton was alive sustaining the glory of his mighty predecessors, and giving loud utterance to his sublime passion, when, as it were in a day, the voice of song ceased in the land, and a dark interregnum of false human conceits commenced. Never had such illumination preceded such utter gloom! Never had a country concentrated such power within so narrow a space to decline forthwith into such alarming weakness! Who was to blame? Had the Puritans frightened Poesy from her chosen dwelling-place, or had the Cavaliers, returning with Charles II., imported into England with foreign manners, foreign notions of beauty, and French principles of art? Whatever the cause of decline, it is certain that when literature received its heavy blow and great discouragement at the time of the Restoration, sculpture came in for its share of undeserved oppression. "Art then," as Allan Cunningham justly remarks, "fell off from reflecting nature—began to speak an obscure language, full of dark conceits and remote personifications. The common figures of poetry or speech were exalted into monu-

mental heroes and heroines, illustrated by symbols as unintelligible as themselves." When Chantrey rose, the art to which he allied his powers was still a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and pedantry yet lorded it over natural beauty and truth. The poor farmer's boy in the workshop of the Sheffield carver and gilder, found small encouragement in the example of his contemporaries, and still less in the immediate objects by which he was surrounded; but his resolution was firm and his views were sound from the beginning, and he proceeded to the overthrow of the usurper that yet held sculpture in thrall as deliberately and as confidently as Wordsworth, about the same period, addressed himself to the rival power that had for years kept down the national spirit of song. The great achievement of the sculptor was, years ago, fitly described by a writer, who pronounced "the art of Chantrey" to be "a pure emanation of English genius—a style without transcript or imitation—resembling the ancients no more than the wild romantic dramas of Shakspeare resemble the plays of Euripides, or the heroes of Walter Scott's chivalry, the heroes of heathen song. It seeks to personify the strength and beauty of the 'mighty island.'" He might have added that it seeks, moreover, to accomplish this legitimate end, by that bold reliance upon nature, and that patient attendance upon her bidding, that have never been offered by genius in vain, or failed to win triumphs which the whole civilized family of man have been eager to welcome and allow.

The patience, perseverance, and industry of Chantrey were characteristics as national as the genius which is said to have smacked so strongly of this "mighty island." From his boyhood, until his sudden death in the very prime of life, he knew no rest. "Frank," said Ramsay, "is incorrigible," because the apprentice boy kept late hours, and did not find his way to bed with his fellow-apprentices; but although complaints were made in this respect against him, "neither master nor servant," writes Mr. Holland, "ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates." In the very heyday of his success, one who saw him daily, and watched his career with an affectionate interest, described him as "an early mover, labouring in summer-time before sunrise, on some favourite work. Nor has he forgot," proceeded the same chronicler, "his early and intense application; with a candle in the front of his hat, and a chisel in his hand, we have seen him at midnight, and far in the morning, employed in finishing some of his principal works."

The light thrown upon the early struggles of Chantrey constitutes the most acceptable portion of Mr. Holland's work. Chantrey left Sheffield, and came to the metropolis in the year 1802. Upon reaching London, he called upon an uncle and aunt, who were living in the service of Mrs. D'Oyley, in Curzon-street, May Fair, that lady being the granddaughter of the celebrated Sir Hans Sloane. Mrs. D'Oyley received the youth with great kindness; "ordered his uncle daily to place him a plate on the table; and, moreover, to let him have a room on the premises in which to work." He set to work in earnest; not exclusively, however, as a sculptor. Indeed, for the first few years of his professional life, sculpture was not looked to at all as a means of support. "Painting," Mr.

Holland tells us, "was the first love of his genius, as well as the earliest source of its pecuniary recompense; and he was apparently only diverted from its full pursuit by one of those fortunate accidents upon which the destiny of an individual so often seems to turn." In the early part of 1802, just prior to his departure for London, we presume, appeared the following curious advertisement in the 'Sheffield Iris,' appealing to the Sheffield public for its patronage of native talent. At the distance of nearly half-a-century it reads strangely enough in connexion with the name and history of its writer:—

"F. Chantrey, with all due deference, begs permission to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its vicinity, that during his stay here he wishes to employ his time in taking of portraits in crayons and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honour to sit. F. C., though a young artist, has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works and productions of Messrs. Smith, Arnold, &c., gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses; and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage. Terms—from two to three guineas. 24, Paradise Square."

We are told that, before the appearance of this advertisement, Chantrey had already painted some portraits that still adorn more than one favoured house in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, where the pictures are treasured up with commendable care and pride. Mr. Holland enumerates seventy-two existing portraits in Sheffield and its vicinity, which were painted by Chantrey before he resigned the brush for the chisel. Some of these have an especial interest; others are valuable only as records of the artist's labours. Amongst the former may be reckoned—

"1. F. Chantrey; cabinet head, in crayons; very neat—about twenty years of age, in sky-blue coat: the artist's memento of himself, his profession, and his progress, left with his mother when he first went to London, and retained by her as long as she lived. In the possession of John Read, Esq., of Greenhill, near Norton."

"3. Robert Fox, son of Thomas Fox, Chantrey's schoolmaster at Norton. This portrait, and that of Thomas Fox, by Chantrey also, are at Norton, and belong to Mr. Fox, schoolmaster, son of Thomas Fox. They are the only portraits by Chantrey which occupy their original position. 'In this room,' says the worthy pedagogue, with laudable complacency, 'the late Sir Francis spent many an hour at nights and mornings with my father and us.'"

"5, 6. Old Man and Woman, formerly of Norton. Heads, life size, in crayons; in the possession of Miss Shore, of Meersbrook. Upon the back of one of the pictures is the following memorandum, from the pen of Samuel Shore, Esq., of Norton Hall, for whom the portraits were painted. 'This picture represents Samuel Daken, who completed 94 years the latter end of November, 1800. He was formerly a gardener. . . . Done by Francis Chantrey, a self-taught youth of Norton Parish.'"

"24. James Montgomery, the poet; head and shoulders, life size, in oil. 'Of the many portraits which have been painted of this charming poet, none of them,' says Mr. Holland, 'strike me as conveying the intellectual expression of our venerated townsman in the early vigour of life so satisfactorily as this by Chantrey.'"

"33. Mr. John Law, formerly a silver cutler, Sheffield; a miniature; the price of which, Chantrey said, was the first guinea he ever received for the exercise of his pencil. In the possession of Mrs. Taylor, Rotherham."

A better price was given for No.—

"52. The late Benjamin Walker, confectioner, Church Gates, Sheffield; a young man, full face, in

oil, but rather tamely executed, of the brownish tint which prevails in other of Chantrey's portraits. Price paid to the artist, 5*l.* and a pair of topboots!"

"48. Sleeping boy; small life-size, in oil. This picture is said to represent a real incident—viz., that Chantrey, on walking out one summer's day into his mother's fields, found the 'farmer's boy' thus laid asleep on his arm under the hedge, his hat off, and the dog watching at his feet. The dog is quite unfinished; but the sweet, happy expression of the sleeper's face, and the tone of the background, forcibly recal the style of Gainsborough."

In his twenty-fifth year, Chantrey paid a professional visit, as portrait-painter, to Doncaster, but with little success. He printed and distributed in the town and neighbourhood a circular, announcing his terms and residence; but he secured but one sitter, after remaining in the town three weeks. The men of Doncaster missed their opportunity for distinction. Of the portraits painted in London by Chantrey no account remains. In one of his letters, in 1807, he says he has in his room eight portraits nearly finished, at twenty guineas each; and in a letter, written as early as 1805, we find him able to boast that "I have been so much engaged on a portrait of Lady Scarsdale, and a half-length of Lady Bromley, that, for four weeks past, I have continually had one or the other before me."

Nothing came amiss to the student. He cleaned pictures, painted portraits, attended regularly the Royal Academy, moulded busts for practice, and painted scriptural subjects for exhibition, "aiming," as he himself expresses it, "at what mortals call greatness," and feeling, in the midst of all his labours, that "the fruit that should be ripening was only in the bud." The restless and indefatigable spirit had no cause for complaint. The divided affection of the artist alone prevented him from assuming at once the place which he took of right the moment he resolved to devote his energies and to apply his genius exclusively to the labour for which Providence had designed him, and in the prosecution of which he rapidly distanced every competitor. A friend of Chantrey's has described the perplexity and embarrassment of the young aspirant for fame shortly after he became a regular attendant at the Royal Academy. Quitting the students' room one evening in a state of painful doubt and indecision, it is said that he returned to his own apartments, "spread his canvass before him, prepared his palette, took up his pencils, and began to paint. Landscape, portrait, and history by turns attracted his notice, and mingled with his contemplations; but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with his thoughts." At this critical juncture of his career the student paid frequent visits to the Elgin marbles, and the contemplation of those glorious remains of antique workmanship shaped once for all his future course. Animated by what he beheld, strong in the consciousness of his own power, and impelled by his better genius to a decision which he never found reason to regret, Chantrey determined to become a sculptor.

It is amusing to note the artist humbly applying once more amongst his native townsmen for encouragement and support in his arduous vocation. It must have been very shortly after he had formed his resolution to devote himself to sculpture, or immediately before making up his mind, that he proceeded to Sheffield, and again, through the columns of the 'Sheffield Iris,' invited the attention of the good people of that town to the admirable

opportunity afforded them of immortalizing themselves in plaster. Chantrey's second advertisement is an interesting companion to the first; it appeared in the *Iris* of October 18, 1804, and ran thus:—

"SCULPTURE AND PORTRAIT PAINTING.

"F. Chantrey respectfully solicits the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its environs, in the above arts, during the recess of the Royal Academy, which he hopes to merit from the specimens he has to offer to their attention at his apartments, No. 14, Norfolk Street. As models from life are not generally attempted in the country, F. C. hopes to meet the liberal sentiments of an impartial public."

It is doing but bare justice to Sheffield to say that "the liberal sentiments" of its public were not slow to answer this modest appeal. Private commissions dropped in, and an opportunity was soon seized by the town to put the abilities of the young aspirant fairly to the test. How Chantrey availed himself of his good fortune we shall see.

Man and his Migrations. By R. G. Latham, F.R.S. Van Voorst.

THERE are three degrees of antiquarianism—Archæology is positive, in its limited range, from the nature of the documents and monuments with which it concerns itself; Ethnology—whether busied in estimating the external characteristics of races, or their philological ones, is strictly comparative; whilst the superlative position on the scale may be assigned to Geology, from the vast distance of the periods into which it ranges. From their relation to man and his dwelling-place, these sciences or inquiries have of late attracted a large share of special as well as popular attention; each has an organised and active society connected with it, and each has of late years contributed a goodly proportion of valuable and interesting matter to our general literature. When we lately noticed (*ante*, p. 591) Dr. Latham's work on the 'Ethnology of the British Colonies,' we had not seen the volume which is now before us. The two are fit companions, and should be inseparable; and had they so presented themselves, the nature of the work on the *Migrations of Man* would perhaps have given it prior claims, as its objects necessarily will, with ethnological students. In the former volume the varied races subject to British rule were pictured in geographical groups, and it might seem from the title that a like objective treatment would be met with in the present one—and so it will at times; but it is also a leading intention of the author throughout to define terms—to assign to Ethnology its true position and functions—to establish principles, rather than set forth a multiplicity of detail—in other words, it contains the elements of the process by which man may be separated into definite groups.

This Natural History of Man presents two distinct branches of inquiry. He may be considered with reference to the rest of the animal creation—for this the term Anthropology has been suggested; or he may be separated from it, and considered only in respect of his varieties. This constitutes the province of Ethnology, and which is zoological or philological according to the nature of the evidence it employs. Whether this branch of knowledge belongs to literature or science, is not perhaps a matter of any great importance. There are many boundaries which must ever remain uncertain and unsettled;

and such is that where the historian, conducted back beyond the records of man's political existence, traces him out by means of his physical characteristics, and begins to employ the considerations of the naturalist. Dr. Latham considers that Ethnology is rather related to inductive science, from the method of its investigations, and on the same ground that Geology is so placed.

The newness of this science is admitted. A portion of Dr. Latham's opening chapter is devoted to its rise and progress ere it assumed a methodical form, and we here meet with the expression of our opinion, which we must give in the author's words, premising that Thucydides contemplated the moral and political elements only of the social phenomena of which he was the historian:—

"How widely different this from the slightly earlier Herodotean record—the form and spirit of which lived and died with the great father of historic narrative! The history of the Peloponnesian war set this kind of writing aside for ever, and the loss of what the earlier prototype might have been developed into, is a great item in the price which posterity has to pay for the κτήμα ἐς αἰὲς of the Athenian. As it is, however, the nine books of Herodotus form the most ethnological work not written by a professed and conscious ethnologist. Herodotus was an unconscious and instinctive one; and his ethnology was of a sufficiently comprehensive character. Manners he noted, and physical appearance he noted, and language he noted; his Scythian, Median, Egyptian, and other glosses having the same value in the eyes of the closet philologist of the present century, as the rarer fossils of some old formation have with the geologist, or venerable coins with the numismatic archæologist. Let his name be always mentioned with reverence; for the disrespectful manner in which his testimony has been treated by some recent writers impugns nothing but the scholarship of the cavillers."

We have recently had Colonel Rawlinson's testimony to the honesty and accuracy of the wonderful narrative of Herodotus, and glad are we to meet with kindred opinions so heartily expressed by Dr. Latham.

We shall not attempt an analysis of what is, in itself, a condensed form of much thought and much knowledge most systematically put together. "The grand questions" in ethnological science are, as to the unity or non-unity of the species, its antiquity, its geographical origin, out of which a vast number of minor, but most interesting problems have been evolved. It must be admitted that some of the terms in constant use have not as yet sufficiently definite imports assigned to them; as, for instance, whether a race means a species of the genus man, or a variety only. Again, the species may be one, but the first pair may have been many, or have been developed out of some species anterior to it, and lower in the scale of nature, or all existing varieties may be referable to a single species, but may represent species which have ceased to exist in a pure state. These and many other such like questions, of which this branch of the science has been suggestive, will be found here collected together for the first time. These are regions of inquiry—silent because dark, and in which men must wander singly, but where they are already beginning to discern the outlines of old forms; they are regions into which the material naturalist will boldly take upon himself the office of conductor, and dogmatise from the data he has derived from lower forms of life, unconscious of the possibility that there may be a place in the series where his seeming laws

fail, and that with intellectual man a new order of development was begun; but we would recommend the ethnologist to decline the guidance.

The antiquity of the human species is a question which is inseparably connected with that of its unity or non-unity. If man's history take the form of descent from a single pair, "we take the most extreme specimens of difference, whether in the way of physical conformation or mental phenomena, and ask for the time necessary for bringing about the changes effected; or if we assume an original difference, we investigate the time requisite for effecting the existing amount of similarity." Descent from a single pair implies a geological rather than a historical date. Furthermore, that uniformity in the average rate of change which the geologist requires, Ethnology requires also.

Dr. Latham has a marked preference for the philological method of investigating man's history:—

"With one exception, however—indefinite and inappreciable as may be the ethnological value of such differences as those which exist between the superstitions, moral feelings, natural affections, or industrial habits of different families, there is one great intellectual phenomenon which in definitude yields to no characteristic whatever—I mean Language. Whatever may be said against certain over-statements as to constancy, it is an undoubted fact that identity of language is *prima facie* evidence of identity of origin.

"No reasonable man has denied this. It is not *conclusive*, but *prima facie* it undoubtedly is. More cannot be said of colour, skin, hair, and skeleton. Possibly, not so much.

"Again, language without being identical may be similar; just as individuals without being brothers or sisters may be first or second cousins. Similarity, then, is *prima facie* evidence of relationship.

"Lastly, this similarity may be weighed, measured, and expressed numerically; an important item in its value. Out of 100 words in two allied languages, a per centage of any amount between 1 and 99 may coincide. Language then is a *definite* test, if it be nothing else. It has another recommendation; or perhaps I should say convenience. It can be studied in the closet: so that for one traveller who describes what he sees in some far-distant country, there may be twenty scholars at work in the libraries of Europe. This is only partially the case with the osteologist."

A per-centage test was adopted, some twenty years ago, in geological science, for determining the relative ages of some groups of marine animal remains. The idea was clever; but, as it has since turned out, was adopted in total ignorance of the conditions which regulate the distribution of such forms. As a test, it was altogether indefinite, and it is now rejected as an element in the consideration of past geological time. A simple numerical comparison will be equally unsafe, when we apply a per-centage test to collections of sounds or words; but with the critical cautions suggested by Dr. Latham, we fully recognise its importance.

The title of Dr. Latham's volume may, perhaps, in some cases, lead to disappointment. Most general readers have, perhaps, some vague knowledge or notion that races of men have been moving about continually over the surface of the earth, just as the stream currents of the ocean now do, and may expect to find these movements reduced to definite chronological order, perhaps even to some general law; but they will be disappointed, only because they expect more than ethnological knowledge can or will be

able to perform for long years of anxious study yet to come. Neither will they find the detail of any early history set forth as a continuous narrative. It would be utterly vain to attempt such a thing for either Spain, France, or Britain—our positive knowledge is so scant; but the sources whence much more may be derived are well known, and we can anticipate the day when it shall be so written.

Every nation has its stock-race, beyond which it is indifferent to ascend. What the Pelasgian was to the Greek, the Kelt is to us. The points in his history which have been made illustrative of Dr. Latham's ethnological views can be easily abstracted.

Dr. Latham considers that old races must have spread themselves onwards, just as the Anglo-Saxon is now doing in the New World, by the occupation of fresh lands; and that islands received the overflowing population of the continents which they adjoined:—

"The English of England are not the earliest occupants of the island. Before them were the ancient Britons. Were these the earliest occupants? Who were the men by whose foot Britain, till then the home of the lower animals alone, was first trodden? This is uncertain. Why may not the Kelts have stood in the same relation to some rude Britons still more primitive, that the Anglo-Saxons did to the Kelts? * * *

"Britain may have remained a solitude for centuries and milleniums after Gaul had been full. I do not suppose this to have been the case; but, unless we imagine the first canoe to have been built simultaneously with the demand for water-transport, it is as easy to allow that a long period intervened between that time and the first effort of seamen as a short one. Hence, the date of the original populations of islands is not in the same category with that of the dispersion of men and women over continents. * * *

"The rule already referred to, viz., that an island must always be considered to have been peopled from the nearest part of the nearest land of a more continental character than itself, unless reason can be shown to the contrary, applies to the population of Ireland; subject to which view, the point of emigration from Great Britain must have been the parts about the Mull of Cantyre; and the point of immigration into Ireland must have been the province of Ulster, and the parts that are nearest to Scotland.

"Upon this doctrine I see no reason whatever to refine, since the unequivocal fact of the Scotch and Irish Gaelic being the same language confirms it. * * *

"As Scotland is to Ireland, so is Gaul to England. From the Shannon to the Loire and Rhine, the stock is one; one, but not indivisible—the British branch (containing the Welsh), and the Gaelic (containing the Scotch), forming its two primary sections."

This first race was Keltic:—

"Utterly disbelieving the Cimmerii of the Cimmerian Bosphorus to have been Keltic, and doubtful about both the Scordisci of the ancient Noricum, and the Celtiberians of ancient Spain, I am inclined to limit the Keltic area at its *maximum* extension, to Venice westwards, and to the neighbourhood of Rome southwards."

These few extracts, as to our first recorded parent race, afford subject matter for more comment than our limits will admit of; and, taken together, they present a view which may not altogether satisfy some of our historical antiquarians. We by no means think that Britain must necessarily have been reached by the continuous spread of some race of men across the European continent; the shores of the 'earth-circling ocean' are a traditional, and a mere natural highway. As far as the Atlantic border of Europe is concerned, the

primary races may have advanced in a very different direction to that imagined by Dr. Latham. Neither do we find sufficient reasons for the expulsion of the Kelts from Spain, nor for the admission of much Keltic blood into Lombardy. There is no task more difficult than to assign relative values to different kinds of evidence; but one thing is clear, that the extension of a language is consequent on the extension of a people; and in the argument as to the direction of a migration, philological considerations become subordinate to those motives and influences which in early times compelled races to shift their habitations. The question, "Why may not the Kelts have been intruders even in Britain?" is a test for much novel speculation. They had reached, and were established in places along the Western ocean at times coeval with the earliest records of men, but even then they were not continuous. What amount of historical evidence have we that the megalithic monuments called Keltic have any reference to such a race? If their area was such as Dr. Latham has defined it, that of this monumental evidence is altogether distinct; indeed, it has then the value of evidence of a civilization which was not dependent on the extension of Keltic races.

With well-placed confidence in his labours may Dr. Latham claim for his work, that as "the skeleton of a system it is true as far as it goes, and at the same time convenient for the investigator. That there is much in all existing classifications which requires to be unlearned is certain. Lest any one think this a presumptuous saying, let him consider the new and unsettled state of the science, and the small number of the labourers, as compared with the extent of the field." This reproach is just, and let us apply it. We ought to be the great promoters of ethnological science, our advantages are so immeasurably greater than those of any other nation. Nor is the taste and disposition for antiquarian and philological studies wanting, as our literature abundantly testifies. But the new science of Ethnology, to which such investigations have become subordinate, required a concise exposition of its method, objects, and ascertained results, and such merits Dr. Latham's volume most certainly has.

Poetry, Sacred and Profane. By John Wright. Longmans.

NOTTINGHAM, the county of Byron and of Kirke White, has given birth to another poet. Whether John Wright is gifted with what was great in the one or good in the other of these poets, a discerning and impartial public must decide. He has furnished ample means of judging, in this volume of 'Poetry, Sacred and Profane.' Had the book come before us in a more humble guise, we would probably have dismissed it with a few civil sentences, as one which we were unable much to praise and unwilling much to blame. But the author has no idea of being thus quietly dealt with. His poems come forth in a style of unusual splendour, and the matter which might have filled a moderate duodecimo, is, by force of type and paper, swelled into a volume of imposing bulk and pretension.

The first poem is very appropriately 'An Address to the River Trent.' When we think how much other poets have made of their native streams, even when these have been of the most unpoetic aspect—Cowper, of the Ouse, for instance, or Burns, of the Doon—some-

thing better might be looked for than a poem of which these are the first two and the last stanzas:—

"TO THE RIVER TRENT.

"America may justly boast
Of navigable streams that flow
A thousand leagues, to greet the coast
With products that her borders grow.

"But wide as her dominions spread,
No current holds so proud a sway,
When rolling o'er its native bed,
As thou on thy majestic way.

"But genius shall at length arise,
Well worthy of the Muse and thee;
Whose skilful hand shall duly prize
The richness of thy scenery."

The lively *Acheta domestica* meets with rather better, though rougher, treatment. The cricket has been a favourite of poets from Anacreon downwards, but an unlucky specimen having established itself in Mr. Wright's study, dinning him with its chirping, and also mangling a piece of favourite worsted work, roused the ire vented in these lines:—

"TO THE CRICKET.

"Let those who are pleased to bestow on the Cricket
Their fond adulation, with him ever dwell;
But had I the race at command, I would kick it
With studied precision instant to —."

"When first was imported the little vile sinner,
Of Cowper and crickets I heard a great deal;
But never conceived that to eke out a dinner,
This friend of the bard would be tempted to steal.

"So arrant a thief and incessant a brawler,
Ye gods! in your love for the Muse take away;
For surely no greater mishap could befall her,
Than thus to be dinned with his turbulent play."

Mr. Wright informs us that "not one of his poems was constructed before he had entered on his fortieth year." The naïveté displayed in the Introduction is very original. For the amusement of our readers we extract the following:—

"In spite of a prejudice imbibed, on reaching manhood, against poetry, for reasons that involve some little reflection on lovely woman—a prejudice so strong that, for nearly twenty years, I would neither read, nor suffer to be read to me, any production of the divine art, I now began to meditate in verse. I have occupied my leisure in the cultivation of elegant literature, with such intervals of relaxation as the kindred pursuit of gardening has required, throughout the last ten years. For a long time the fruit of my labour was distributed among personal friends, and I entertained not the remotest idea of publication. At length my applicants became too numerous and pressing in their demands upon me to admit of like respect being paid to all; and to avoid their importunities, I promised in due time to supply them, in a more convenient form, with a copy of such pieces as should be thought worthy of preservation. My design was to defer this intention for two years longer, until indeed I should have written something more truly entitled to public notice; but disease occurring, from which danger was apprehended, I resolved thus prematurely to select from among my papers such poems as should, for the most part, contribute to the moral and intellectual benefit of my readers."

We hope, for the author's sake, that the numerous and pressing applicants for Mr. Wright's manuscript verses will now transfer their importunity from himself to the bookseller, and so prove the sincerity of their admiration. The avowed repugnance of the author during most of his life to poetry is natural, and may account for his apparent ignorance of the works of those by whom he has been often anticipated, both in his subjects and ideas. For instance, Mr. Wright might have saved himself the trouble of writing lines 'To the Cuckoo,' after the well-known poem of Michael Bruce, generally ascribed to his editor, Logan, which all will agree with D'Israeli in admiring as "magical

stanzas of picture, melody, and sentiment." It is difficult, however, to believe that the previous poem was unknown to him. Here are two of the stanzas in the present ode, with two corresponding ones from the original:—

"Hail! sweet aerial wanderer, hail!
On thy serene expansive wing
Comes ushered in the vernal gale,
With all the rich delights of Spring.

"The child arrested by thy lay,
Stands listening with devoted heart;
Drops from its hand the blooming spray,
And wonders what device thou art."

Of Bruce's ode the first and fourth stanzas are these:—

"Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

"The schoolboy wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay;
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay."

There is resemblance here in the thoughts and words sufficient to make the coincidence remarkable. The child arrested by the lay, listening and wondering, is not unlike the schoolboy starting to hear the new voice. The likeness is more striking, if we read one of the lines as written by Bruce before Logan altered it—

"Starts, thy curious voice to hear,"—

a reading in measure defective, but in idea more expressive. We must charge Mr. Wright either with ignorance extraordinary, the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' being in every school collection of poetry, or else with bad taste as extraordinary in producing so inferior a copy. Several such coincidences, or plagiarisms, we note in the volume—'The Spider and the Fly,' for example, the old version of which is by far the best. Among his other themes, Mr. Wright attempts love songs, one of which thus commences—

"TO ****.

"Would that I were changed into a
Subtle agent of the wind;
Then unfettered might I woo a
Maid of thy exalted mind."

If addressed in no better strain than this, we need not wonder at the cool reception of his love to which the poet refers.

Of modern poets, the author considers Byron the first, "not only surpassing all others in strength and dignity of expression, and depth of feeling, but also being the best artist." Few traces can be found, however, in his poetry of any good results of the study of so high a model. Of the sacred poetry, not one original piece rises to mediocrity, the most favourable quotation we can make is the following translation of the

"SONETTO XLVIII. DEL PETRARCA.

"Father of Heaven! since many a fruitless day
And night have been consumed in anxious thought
Concerning her, whose love my soul hath sought,
With anguish heightened by her worth, to sway—
Be pleased to grant Thy timely aid I pray,
That I may hence to righteousness be brought.
My senseless passion having thus been taught
Conformity to Thee, my future way
No longer shall sustain the cruel yoke
That love inflicts on unresisting man.
Pardon, O Lord! my sad unworthy course;
Bring back my wandering thoughts, nor let me cloak
Them in Thy sight: this day thy saving plan
On Calvary proclaimed Thee mercy's source."

Of the Lake school of poetry there is much ridicule and censure, both in the preface and in the poems. There is cleverness in the "burlesque pieces written in the style of Wordsworth;" indeed, these seem to be the author's most successful efforts.

The style flippant is evidently more suited to Mr. Wright's powers than the sacred or profane, and he has had the bad taste to insult the memory of the late Laureate, after

perusing, probably, the severe criticism of Jeffrey, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' or the light satire of James Smith:—

"EPIGRAM ON THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

"Had I been asked, I should have guessed
His name had been applied in jest—
So truly do his works set forth
A claim to 'Words,' but none to 'Worth.'"

'Nancy Lake, or the Baby's *Début*, by W. W.,' was not one of the happiest of the 'Rejected Addresses,' but there is more point in it than in any of the pieces in this volume.

With the aid of the foregoing extracts, some idea may be formed of the spirit of the author's writings, and of the merit of one of the largest volumes of poetry that has appeared for some time.

History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada. By Francis Parkman, Jun. Bentley.

A CHAPTER of history, the events of which have been hitherto very imperfectly known, and never recorded in detail, is in these volumes supplied by the zeal and diligence of an American writer. The story of the early European settlements, their relations with the Indian aborigines, the collision of the rival colonies of France and England, and the final conquest of Canada by the British arms, are themes well known to every reader of general history. In the first five chapters of the present work an able *resumé* is given of these subjects. First, there is an account of the Indians east of the Mississippi, the general characteristics, as well as the peculiarities of the several tribes being described. In the second and third chapters there is a narrative of the settlement of the English and of the French colonists in various parts of the country, and their position in the early part of the eighteenth century, in reference to each other and to the Indian nations. In the next chapter the French war is described, ending with the taking of Quebec by the British army under Wolfe, in 1759, and the surrender of Canada, with all its dependencies, in September of the following year, to the British crown. Then follows an account, most graphically written, of "the wilderness and its tenants at the close of the French war." The character and habits of the Indians, of the hunters and trappers, savage and civilized, of the fur-traders, of the garrisons of the forts, and the other scattered inhabitants of the vast territory, are described with much life-like effect. As soon as the English power was predominant in the West, detachments were sent to take possession of Detroit, Miami, and the other French posts. Discontent soon began to spread among the Indian tribes. The French had always laboured to ingratiate themselves with the natives, had respected their rights, and humoured their prejudices; and, with a wise liberality, had supplied them with many things, so that around the forts they had forgotten the weapons and ways of their forefathers, and lived in friendly dependence on the white men for support. The early Jesuit missionaries, men of wisdom and humanity, had established this sagacious policy. But all was changed on the arrival of the English. Their settlers and hunters were men of the coarsest stamp, vying with each other in violence and profligacy. They cheated and plundered the Indians, and outraged their families, presenting altogether a most un-

favourable contrast to the French traders, who were under better regulation, and giving an unhappy idea of the character of the English. The chiefs complained to the officers at the forts, but they were received with a coolness to which they were unaccustomed, sometimes with an insolence which they could not brook. With such a state of feeling, French intrigue easily stirred up the tribes to resolve on revenge against their oppressors, and to attempt the recovery of their country. Apart, however, from French influence, the most acute among the Indians foresaw the ruin of their race as the result of the establishment of this new power in the midst of them:—

"Hitherto the two rival European nations had kept each other in check upon the American continent, and the Indian tribes had, in some measure, held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their good-will and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy both of the French and English. But now the face of affairs was changed. The English had gained an undisputed ascendancy, and the Indians, no longer important as allies, were treated as mere barbarians, who might be trampled upon with impunity. Abandoned to their own feeble resources and divided strength, the tribes must fast recede, and dwindle away before the steady progress of the colonial power. Already their best hunting-grounds were invaded, and from the eastern ridges of the Alleghanies they might see, from far and near, the smoke of the settlers' clearings, rising in tall columns from the dark green bosom of the forest. The doom of the race was sealed, and no human power could avert it; but they, in their ignorance, believed otherwise, and vainly thought that by a desperate effort they might yet uproot and overthrow the growing strength of their destroyers."

It would be idle to suppose that the great mass of the Indians understood in its full extent the danger which threatened their race. With them the war which ensued was a mere outbreak of fury, to which they were impelled by private revenge, and hatred of the race to which they were opposed. But the chiefs took other considerations into account, and in their councils a far-seeing policy and a noble patriotism mingled at times with ruder impulses. Pontiac, principal chief of the Ottawa nation, was one who saw the peril of the time, and resolved to unite the tribes in one grand effort to avert it:—

"The Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawamies had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which Pontiac was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while, from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and indeed to the farthest boundaries of the wide-spread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected. The fact that Pontiac was born the son of a chief would in no degree account for the extent of his power, for among the Indians many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Personal merit is indispensable to gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, wisdom, address, and eloquence are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was pre-eminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness. His intellect was strong and capacious. He possessed commanding energy and force of mind, and in subtilty and craft could match the best of his wily race. But, though capable of acts of lofty magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, with a wider range of intellect than those around him, but sharing all

their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery. Yet his faults were the faults of his race; and they cannot eclipse his nobler qualities, the great powers and heroic virtues of his mind. His memory is still cherished among the remnants of many Algonquin tribes, and the celebrated Tecumseh adopted him for his model, proving himself no unworthy imitator."

Under the direction of Pontiac a scheme was matured, great in its extent and deep in its design, such as was never before or since conceived or attempted by a North American Indian:—

"It was determined to attack all the English forts upon the same day; then, having destroyed their garrisons, to turn upon the defenceless frontier, and ravage and lay waste the settlements, until, as many of the Indians fondly believed, the English should all be driven into the sea, and the country restored to its primitive owners."

The conspiracy was managed with wonderful skill and secrecy, and but for the strength and vigilance of the forest garrisons in some instances, and unforeseen accidents in others, the result would have been more disastrous than it turned out. The Indians were especially baffled by the successful defence of Detroit, which they vainly besieged for more than three months, and before which much of the time and energy of Pontiac was vainly expended. Terrible scenes of cruelty and bloodshed were witnessed, however, in all parts of the country, and the war which ensued was brought to a close with much difficulty, and after a tedious struggle. Seldom has barbarian war been waged so ably against the disciplined forces of civilized power. The history is full of scenes of tragic interest, with records of suffering and vicissitude, of heroism and endurance, worthy of being rescued from the obscurity in which most of them have hitherto remained. One extract will give an idea at once of the events described, and of the author's style. It is the beginning of the account of the massacre of Machillimackinac:—

"The following morning was warm and sultry. It was the 4th of June, the birthday of King George. The discipline of the garrison was relaxed, and some licence allowed to the soldiers. Encamped in the woods, not far off, were a large number of Ojibwas, lately arrived; while several bands of the Sac Indians, from the river Wisconsin, had also erected their lodges in the vicinity. Early in the morning many of the Ojibwas came to the forts, inviting officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of ball, which was to be played between their nation and the Sacs. In consequence, the place was soon deserted by half its tenants. An outline of Machillimackinac, as far as tradition has preserved its general features, has already been given; and it is easy to conceive, with sufficient accuracy, the appearance it must have presented on this eventful morning. The houses and barracks were so ranged as to form a square, enclosing an extensive area, upon which their doors all opened, while behind rose the tall palisades forming a large external square. The picturesque Canadian houses, with their rude porticoes and projecting roofs of bark, sufficiently indicated the occupations of their inhabitants; for birch canoes were lying near many of them, and fishing nets were stretched to dry in the sun. Women and children were moving about the doors; knots of Canadian *voyageurs* reclined on the ground smoking and conversing; soldiers were lounging listlessly at the doors and windows of the barracks, or strolling in a careless undress about the area. Without the fort, the scene was of a very different character. The gates were wide open, and the soldiers were collected in groups under the shadow of the palisades, watching the Indian ball-play. Most of them were without arms, and mingled

among them were a great number of Canadians, while a multitude of Indian squaws, wrapped in blankets, were conspicuous in the crowd. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie stood near the gate, the former indulging his inveterate English propensity, for he had promised to bet on the Ojibwas against the Sacs. Indian chiefs and warriors were also among the spectators, intent, apparently, on watching the game, but with thoughts, in fact, far otherwise employed. The plain in front was covered by the ball-players."

An animated account follows of the game called *baggattaway*, still a favourite among the Indian tribes, and corresponding to our English hockey:—

"Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and bounding on the plain. Rushing and striking, tripping their adversaries, or hurling them to the ground, they pursued the contest amid the laughter and applause of the spectators. Suddenly, from the midst of the multitude, the ball soared into the air, and, descending in a wide curve, fell near the pickets of the fort. This was no chance stroke. It was part of a preconcerted stratagem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison. As if in pursuit of the ball, the players turned and came rushing, a maddened and tumultuous throng, toward the gate. In a moment they had reached it! The amazed English had no time to think or act. The shrill cries of the ball-players were changed into the ferocious war-whoop. The warriors snatched from their squaws the hatchets, which the latter, with this design, had concealed beneath their blankets. Some of the Indians assailed the spectators without, while others rushed into the fort, where all was confusion and carnage."

The life of Pontiac, from his first appearance in the French Canadian war to his base assassination near St. Louis, in 1767, is full of stirring incidents; while his character was so remarkable, and the part he took in the last Indian war of independence so conspicuous, as to justify the title which the present work bears, 'The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac.'

At present arrangements are being made with the American government, by which the scattered remnants of the Indian nations are to be gathered, in a territory ceded and secured to them, and thenceforward to be numbered among the States of the Republic. A permanence and importance will thus be given to the race, which otherwise would have been impossible. In separate and independent existence, they must soon have disappeared before the advancing tide of Anglo-Saxon occupation. Now there is likelihood of their having a more enduring name, although not in separation of race, yet in historical and political interest. The past records of the race will henceforth possess an enhanced value, and meet with more intelligent appreciation. But apart from this local value, Mr. Parkman's volumes deserve our notice, at once from the interesting matter which they contain, and in justice to the unusual labour with which they have been prepared. In collecting the necessary materials, besides the perusal of contemporary newspapers, pamphlets, and published documents—letters, journals, and despatches scattered among public offices and private families in Europe and America, were brought together, to the amount of three thousand four hundred manuscript pages. To arrange and make use of such materials was, as the author says, like "the labour of a border settler in clearing ground yet uncultured and unreclaimed." We read with concern, but without surprise, that the author's sight was seriously, though not permanently impaired, and that part of

his work had to be written down from dictation. Nor was the study of the closet sufficient for rightly executing his task. He visited the sites of all the principal events recorded in the narrative, and gathered such local traditions as seemed worthy of confidence. He was domesticated for a time among some of the still untamed tribes of the Rocky Mountains, and there, by the camp fire or in the canoe, gained familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of the wilderness. A book on such a subject, written after such careful preparation, by an author of intelligence and zeal, is worthy of being regarded as a valuable contribution to our historical records. It will also afford pleasure to the mere passing reader, the events being of stirring interest and narrated in graphic style. There are many incidents in these volumes more tragic than that scene of blood, which through Campbell's poetic romance has made the name of Wyoming a household word; and while there are descriptions of American life and scenery similar to those which form the charm of Cooper's Indian novels, we have at the same time the satisfaction of knowing that we are reading an authentic and trustworthy history.

Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope. Colburn.

AVAILING oneself somewhat liberally of the privilege of 'skipping,' this novel may be read; but any one who should courageously go through the first volume without calling that privilege into requisition, would deserve a monument, as a splendid example of indomitable perseverance. Mrs. Trollope has been criticised for many faults, but not, we believe, for dulness. At last that worst of *genres*, *le genre ennuyeux*, has attracted her ambition. She has resolved to 'try her hand' at dulness. We must do her the justice to say she has succeeded. In the second and third volumes she appears to have tired of this style, and grown a little brisker, till towards the close we are treated with a decided bit of melodrama of the approved substance. But the last volume, as the first, is more suited to the convalescent than to the healthy reader. There are infinite gradations in literature. It is all a question of adjustment. Give the milk that is meant for babes to the hard-working man, and he will turn from it, while the babe vigorously assimilates it. Give this novel to a philosopher, and it will put him out of all patience, while in the 'sick room' it may be delightful.

As public 'tasters,' we endeavour to give explicit reports of the viands furnished at that gigantic *table d'hôte* of literature where novels constitute the least palatable of dishes, and we must prepare to warn our readers against the supposition that they will find anything new or exciting in 'Mrs. Mathews.' It may be prescribed as a light diet for invalids, to be brought in with the footstool and chicken broth. At such moments its languid story and attenuated writing may be all that the prostrate mind can bear: at such moments the human intellect may feed itself on remarks of this profound, if not philosophic, nature:—

"It is probable that if a mouse were shut up with uninterrupted access to the very largest cheese that ever was made, its constant nibblings would in time produce a greater consumption of the article than would be considered possible by any one who had not watched the marvellous result of ceaseless per-

severance. And in like manner, the amount of Mary King's reading was considerably greater than any mere ordinary observer would conceive possible."

Neither in the drawing of character nor in the interwoven commentary will the reader observe anything but what he has been familiar with time out of mind in feeble novels. There is the prudent and crotchety Mrs. Mathews herself, who marries at fifty, because her father is unhappy at the thought of leaving her 'alone in the world' at his death. There is Sir Charles Otterborne, the extravagant baronet, and Lady Otterborne, the meek submissive wife—Herbert, their son, the meek, perfect *jeune premier*—Janet Anderson, the sensible young lady—we know them all; as also Mr. Steyton, the wealthy cit, and Emily, the silly heiress, and Stephen Cornington, the scamp from Barbadoes, with splendid eyes and universal accomplishments—even William White, the *Deus ex machina*, is painfully familiar to us.

But it seems the privilege of novelists, as of dramatists, to make any old characters serve again and again under new names. And as with characters, so with incidents: we know precisely what is going to happen, because we know how in former novels it *has* happened. Such, however, is the strange spell which even the poor romancer exercises, that, by dint of skipping, it is rarely the novel reader cannot go on. Having read on this wise through the first volume, we believe the reader will run through the rest pleasantly enough. Though he may know the road, he may yet feel interested in it. He may divine at once the secret of all 'the mysteries,' and yet be eager to see that his divination is correct.

The vivacity of Mrs. Trollope is but little seen in this novel. Perhaps the best sketch in the book is that of Emily Steyton, the rich, lovely, silly heiress—there we recognise the hand of the authoress of 'Widow Barnaby.'

"The extremely pretty group which the three young girls formed as they first stood and then sat before a window watching the glories of the setting sun, was enlivened by the following conversation.

"Miss Steyton threw her arm, as she stood, round the waist of Louisa Price. 'Well, darling,' said she; 'you know I told you long ago, that I was quite certain what it would come to. He is a magnificent fellow! isn't he, Louy?'

"'Not half so magnificent as you are, my dear,' replied the fair-haired Louisa, coaxingly. 'But he is very handsome, certainly,' she added; 'I am sure I do not mean to deny that; and you will make a lovely couple!' she again added, in a half-whisper.

"'You need not whisper, Louisa,' said Miss Steyton, laughing; 'I do not pretend to make any secret of it; and I should be a fool if I did, in every way; for I will just ask you to guess what chance there would be of preventing any single being in the whole county from knowing that I am going to be married as well as I do myself.'

"'No; that is very true, to be sure,' returned the docile Louisa. 'Everything you do, my dear, is talked of as much as if you were the Queen, I think; and no wonder,—is it, Miss Anderson?'

"It was not very easy to answer this appeal, for Janet knew nothing whatever concerning the celebrity which the beautiful Emily enjoyed; but she felt that to avow this, would be to avow herself most deplorably unknown, so she smiled, and bowed with an air that expressed nothing like doubt of the statement.

"'You must not believe one single word that Louisa Price says of me, Miss Anderson,' said the beauty; 'for if you do, you may be apt to think I am an angel, for she is positively infatuated in the most ridiculous way in the world. Don't you think she must be a fool, Miss Anderson?'

"'Do you really think I am likely to pass such a judgment?' said Janet, with a smile.

"'How should I know, my dear?' returned the beauty, laying a large ungloved milk-white hand on each of Janet's shoulders. 'For anything I know, I may turn your head just in the same absurd manner that I have turned hers. Heaven knows what it is I have got about me that makes people make such a fuss. That beastly old priest, that you sat by at dinner, is the only person, man, woman, or child, that hasn't made a fuss with me since I came home from school. The old brute always looks as if he didn't see me. Idiot!'

"'But you forget, my darling Emily, that Mr. Cuthbridge is a Roman Catholic priest. He is bound by his religion, you know, never to take any notice of ladies,' said Miss Price demurely.

"'Stuff and nonsense, Lou. I don't want him to ask me to marry him, I know he can't do that, child,' replied Miss Steyton, tossing her beautiful head; 'but if he was not a fool, he might look at one. That could not do any harm, I suppose?'

"'I am sure I should think that the looking at you could never do anything but good to anybody. But perhaps he has heard how lively you are, dearest, and he may be really afraid to listen to you?'

"'That's capital!' cried Emily, clapping her hands. 'And now you have put it into my head, Lou, you shall see if I don't pay him off. Wont it be first-rate delicious, girls, if I can make that fusty, musty old priest take fright, and run out of the room?'

"'Was there ever such a rattle as she is?' said Louisa, hanging her head on one side, and simpering in the face of Janet.

"'Miss Steyton is indeed very lively,' replied Janet.

"'Miss Steyton! Oh! that's horrible! I can't bear to hear girls call one another *Miss*. It sounds exactly like the teacher at school. What is your Christian name, I wonder?'

"'My name is Janet,' was the blushing reply.

"'What do you colour up so for?' cried the beauty, pointing at her face. 'Just look at Janet's face, only because I asked her what her name was! Do you blush in that way, my dear, when gentlemen talk to you? If you do, take my word for it, they will all think you are in love with them. I happen to know that, because I have been told all about it. But I say, Janet, I want to ask you a question,' she added in a whisper really low enough to prevent the married ladies from hearing her. 'I say, I want you to tell me something. You are staying in the house, you know, with that beautiful fellow that sat opposite to me at dinner-time. What is his name? Stephen, isn't it? Stephen what?'

"'Cornington,' replied Janet, succinctly.

"'Cornington? That's all. You don't seem inclined to waste words about him. You are not jealous, my dear, are you?'

"'I hope not,' replied Janet, laughing.

"'That is all very well,' returned the beauty, gravely nodding her head. 'And I hope not, too, my dear,—for, living in the same house with him, you would make pretty work of it. And if you are not jealous, I am sure you are not in love; and that is another good thing. I say, Janet, did you see how he was staring at me? You sat opposite, you know—I think you must have seen it. What eyes he has, hasn't he?'

"'Yes, Mr. Cornington has very fine eyes,' replied Janet, quietly.

"'Miss Steyton winked at her friend Louisa, and said, 'How grave we are!'

"'Louisa tried to look intelligent, and nodded in return.

"'Yes, I suspect so,' said Emily,—bringing her own face very close to that of Janet, as if to examine her very minutely. 'It is a fact, Lou! As sure as you live, those eyes of Stephen Cornington's have been searching poor Janet's heart to the very centre! Upon my honour and life, it is a shame! Now listen to me, Janet! You are rather a pretty girl, though you are so thin, and so pale,—and I have a liking for all pretty girls, because you know

I happen to be one myself; and my notion is, that we all ought to make common cause together, and never see a fellow trying to make a fool of a girl, without telling her of it, and putting her on her guard. Now you may trust me, because I am engaged, and can't have any bad motive for what I say; and remember I tell you now, once for all, that your handsome friend, whose fine eyes you admire so much, my gentle Janet, is over head and ears in love with me! Poor dear girl! I am sorry for you, but I can't help it. Can I, Louisa?"

"No, certainly, dearest! It is no fault of yours; and we ought all of us to be on our guard, Miss Anderson, for the same sort of thing may happen again and again."

"What sort of thing do you mean?" inquired Janet, very innocently.

"The two other young ladies looked at each other, and laughed."

"Don't you really understand what I meant? Or do you only pretend ignorance?" said Miss Steyton, looking at her with a keen, though laughing glance.

"No, indeed," replied Janet, gravely; "I am not pretending anything."

"Never mind! It's no matter," cried Emily. "Perhaps it is all very fair to pretend a little on first acquaintance; but when you get to be as intimate with me as Louisa Price is, you will find out that it is quite nonsense to pretend anything with me, for I find out everything. Don't I, Louisa?"

"Yes, indeed, you do! There never was such a girl born as you are! You will understand her better by-and-by, Miss Anderson. But one comfort is, that she is as good as she is clever. She is not contented with looking like an angel, but she really is one,"—was Miss Price's answer; and after a moment she added, "But I want you to tell me, dearest, when it is to be?"

"It! What does it mean, I wonder?" returned the beautiful Emily,—crossing her white arms upon her bosom, and raising her bright eyes towards the sky.

"As if I could be talking, or thinking of any possible event but ONE!" returned her friend. "Do not be so tantalizing, Emily! Is the day fixed for your marriage? Can you understand me now?"

"Why yes, my dear, I think I understand you," replied Miss Steyton. "You want to know, I suspect, exactly the day, hour, and minute, when your services will be required as bridesmaid? Do not be afraid, love, you shall have quite notice enough to enable you to have your dress made."

Her being engaged does not check her propensity to flirt, as we see, when the handsome and impudent Stephen Cornington approaches:—

"In the next moment he had seated himself with great audacity on a footstool exactly in the centre of the group into which the three young ladies had formed themselves in front of a window, the shutters of which were not yet closed."

"Well done, Mr. Stephen Cornington!" exclaimed Miss Steyton, laughing; "that's what I call free and easy!" Then turning round towards a table near them, at which Herbert was seated, examining a volume of engravings, she added, "Why do you not follow this good example, Herbert Otterborne? You might as well be at the Land's End as sitting here, for any good we young ladies get out of you."

Herbert rose, and approached her; nay, he even bent down, and addressed her in a smiling whisper.

"No! positively, that won't do!" she exclaimed aloud; "where is your footstool, sir? You are not too proud, I hope, to sit upon a footstool at a young lady's feet, are you?"

"Not too proud, but too tall, my dear Miss Steyton," said Herbert, laughing; "I really dare not present myself before you in an attitude so ungraceful."

"That's all my eye!" exclaimed the beautiful Emily, also laughing, but more immoderately; "don't look shocked now. I know it's very vulgar,—at least among the English; but our French teacher declares that all elegant French women,

particularly when they are young and handsome, say whatever comes into their heads first. That's the fashion, Mr. Herbert."

"Mr. Otterborne tried, awkwardly enough, to smile,—but he bowed in silence."

"Come, now," resumed the beautiful Emily, "I won't have that! You are looking as stiff as a poker, and you shan't do any such thing. And as to your being too tall, Mr. Herbert, I'll just bet you anything you please, that he" (pointing to the almost recumbent Stephen) "is taller than you are. Stand up, you Mr. What's-your-name; stand up, I tell you, and let's see."

"Stephen was on his feet in a moment."

"Herbert Otterborne, it must be confessed, did look rather stiff, but to refuse the lady's challenge was impossible; and he therefore also stood tolerably erect, though by no means as loftily as he might have done, while the youthful but stalwart Stephen drew himself up to his highest possible altitude, and placed himself behind him, back to back."

"As they thus stood, Stephen Cornington appeared to be at least two inches taller than the slighter-made patrician; the real difference between them being, perhaps, one inch; and Emily, upon perceiving this result, clapped her hands boisterously together, exclaiming, in a voice of triumph, 'I've won! I've won!' Then lowering her voice a very little, she added, addressing Miss Price, who stood beside her, with an arm lovingly passed round her waist, 'What was the bet, Louisa?' and then, in a tone which was a very little lower still, she said, 'If he had his wits about him, wouldn't he say it was a kiss, Lou?'"

Mrs. Trollope's novel will doubtless be extensively read. A perusal of our remarks on its weaknesses will lead to its being read with less disappointment.

Code-Manuel de la Presse. By H. Duboy and C. Jacob. Paris: Joubert.

Law reading is always dry and insipid, and to the non-professional generally unintelligible; but this book, though only a summary of laws and regulations, with the comments thereon of a brace of learned advocates, has afforded us unusual interest. It shows that French legislation on the press is a labyrinth far more complicated than that of Fair Rosamond at Woodstock; but that it affords public prosecutors, those modern inquisitors, the means of striking or silencing writers and printers as effectually as grim Queen Eleanor did her beautiful rival. It shows that in the very middle of the enlightened nineteenth century, and in one of the greatest and most civilized countries in the world, the pen and the press are almost looked upon in the same light in which they were regarded in the dark ages,—as the instruments of the evil one; whilst those that make use of them would, it really seems, be considered fit subjects for an *auto da fé*, were burning at the stake in fashion in these days.

We assure the reader that we are not exaggerating. The authors themselves—one, be it remarked, is an advocate of the Court of Cassation and of the Council of State (tribunals which in rank and authority are equal to our Court of Chancery and Privy Council), the other an advocate of the Court of Appeal—say in their introduction:—

"The legislation on the press, on printing, and on bookselling, consists of laws inspired almost always by an obstacle of the moment, or by chimerical dangers, and which were never a deliberate undertaking of human reason. Their enactments, consequently, have generally a character of confusion, obscurity, and incoherence, which makes the study of them extremely disgusting, even to advocates. In prosecuting thought, and rendering it responsible for annoyances and discontent, dif-

ferent legislators have had only one object,—that of striking writers whose doctrines were offensive to them. And from long labouring in this spirit they have surrounded the profession of a writer with so many perils and so many snares that it has become almost impossible. The multiplicity of laws of repression, or of regulation, the uncertainty of knowing if certain enactments are repealed or not, add further to the perplexities of the author. And if, besides, we reflect that very often legal men themselves, from weariness or disgust, will not take the trouble to seek in this arsenal, or to study the dark enactments of this legislation, we perceive that the writer has not even the resource which criminals possess, of enlightening himself by legal advice."

A pleasant state of things truly! But let us just take a glance at the *principal* provisions of this glorious legislation. It will, we think, be found both curious and edifying.

First, as to printing. Printing in France is not a trade open to any man, as in England; but it is a privilege granted by the Government. "No one," says the law, "can be a printer if he have not received a privilege from the King (i.e. the Government) and taken the required oaths." In Paris the number of these privileged printers cannot exceed eighty; and that number was fixed forty years ago. A printer can only exercise his privilege in the place appointed by the Government; so that if a Paris printer should remove to Lyons, he would not be able to carry on his trade without a new privilege. The Government can, if the printer be condemned for the slightest infringement of the laws of the press, revoke the privilege; and the present Government of the Republic has, for its part, deprived not fewer than nine printers of the power of exercising their calling. The regulations which printers have to observe are so numerous and complicated, that, with the best will in the world, it is impossible in the hurry of business always to avoid an infringement of them, and the consequence is, that there is perhaps not a printer in France—certainly not one in Paris,—who has not been fined some time or other; that is to say, in other terms, there is not one who might not be suddenly deprived of the 'means whereby he lives' by the Minister of the day. Printers are bound, under pain of fine and imprisonment, to declare to the authorities, before the printing be commenced, the nature of the work they are about to print; and after the printing be concluded, but before one single copy be published, they are to present a certain number of copies to the authorities. In the first declaration, it is to be stated, in addition to the nature of the work, the number of sheets it is to contain, the form in which it is to be brought out, the number of copies to be struck off, &c. The name and address of the printer are to be affixed to each work, and he, as well as the author, is to be responsible for the contents. The lowest fine for any infringement of regulations is 40*fr.*; and, besides, the whole impression of any work may, before or after publication, be seized and confiscated.

Secondly, as to booksellers. They must have a special privilege from the government to trade, and the government can revoke it, and shut up their shops whenever it pleases.

Thirdly, as to journals and periodicals. To obtain the right to print a newspaper, the projector must declare its proposed title, the days of its appearance, the names and addresses of the proprietors, together with their respective interests in the concern, the names and addresses of the principal editor, where

and by whom it is to be printed, and many other things. He must deposit caution-money. Any change, however slight, in the time of publication, the proprietorship, &c. must be notified. Stamp duty and postage must be duly paid. The responsible editor must print his name at the foot of the journal, and must deposit every day copies of each number signed by him. Every article expressing opinions on persons or things must be signed by the writer; and he is responsible for its contents as well as the editor. Any person named in a journal has the right of having a reply written by him inserted gratis. The public authorities can compel journalists to print in the principal part of their columns any reply they may think fit to any article. If the journal contains anything distasteful to the authorities, the whole impression can be seized and destroyed. The tribunals can order the suspension of any journal or periodical. In addition to all this, there are a multitude of other regulations, which it would be wearisome to recapitulate; but it is to be observed, that the slightest infringement of any of them, whether intentional or unintentional, subjects the offender to very lengthened imprisonment and very heavy fine.

After all, however, it is not these formalities, and restrictions, and impositions, harassing and vexatious as they are, which are most oppressive to the French journalist and periodical writer,—it is the strangely vague way in which certain offences are defined. Thus, there is the crime of "provocation," and our authors declare themselves unable to say what it means legally; but they intimate, that if a writer expresses the opinion that any particular law is bad, and that any one afterwards violates, or attempts to violate, that law, then the writer is responsible as a "moral accomplice" in such violation, and may be imprisoned two years and find 240*l*. It is criminal also to "excite to hatred of the government;" but any article criticising any act of the government admits of that interpretation. It is criminal to attack "public morality;" but there is scarcely anything which the passion or interest of political faction may not consider comprised in that term. It is criminal to "offend the Parliament and the Constitution;" but what is an offence? Attacks on "religion, family ties, and property" are punished; but who can say what constitutes an attack on them?

Not content with weighing thus heavily on printers, booksellers, journals, periodicals, and writers, the French laws, determined to have the press completely under their power, impose very severe formalities and restrictions on lithographic printers and on bill-stickers. Like the printer, the bill-sticker must have a special privilege—his bills must be stamped and registered, and examined, and licensed,—and woe to him if he pastes on the walls anything displeasing to the powers that be! So, also, with the book pedler,—he must get permission to hawk works about, and he must be very cautious in the works he selects, else some zealous gendarme may, on examining their titles, fancy they violate some law or other, and accordingly seize them and haul him to gaol. Nay, more—it is actually illegal for a private gentleman to get down a parcel of books or pamphlets and distribute them to his friends. Enough has been said to show that in France the press, its ministers and servants, are not on a bed of roses. We leave the reader to make his own reflections on the

subject. But we may remark, without stepping out of the province of a literary journal, that the French laws on the press are a striking proof that liberty does not depend on forms of government—that there may exist, under ultra-democratic institutions, a system of tyranny over men's thoughts and men's industry, the like of which would not be tolerated for a month in this land of monarchy and aristocracy. How often, however, do we see men, like the dog in *Æsop's* fable, lose the substance in grasping at the shadow!

Spain as It Is. By G. A. Hoskins. Colburn.

If luggage be, as the Romans anciently asserted, the traveller's 'impedimenta' to locomotion, we think we shall not be accused of ungallantry if we record, as the result of our travelling experiences, that a lady companion, however delightful her society, tends seriously to check adventure. If we examine the most interesting books of travel, we shall find that their authors were, if not alone during their wanderings, at least accompanied only by friends of their own sex. Nor should we expect it to be otherwise; for with the companionship of a wife, a sister, or any other female relative or friend, how can a man, who may have the daring of a Bruce or of a Clapperton, consult his own inclinations by ascending lofty mountains, crossing savage passes, exploring the recesses of dense interminable forests, or bivouacking among gipsies. It is not in the nature of womanhood to accompany such exploits. With his fair companion, who, in a foreign country, will require his assistance more even than at home, his 'lines' must necessarily fall in pleasant places; that is, presuming the lady not to have abandoned her feminine character. For there are some women—and we have met such in our wanderings—who after a long day's ride over rugged mountain paths, during which they have exhibited as much heroism and endurance as the strongest man of the party—have been ready, aye and eager too, to take the road again on the morrow with undiminished vigour. But happily—for we love not masculine women, and prefer seeing a pretty foot in a sandalled shoe, to one booted and spurred—such ladies are rare; and, therefore, when Englishmen take their wives abroad with them, we shall find, unless they frequently dissolve partnership, which is an un-English custom, that highways are preferable to bye-ways, and comfortable hotels to ill-furnished taverns.

These facts account, in some measure, for the dreary nature of the volumes before us. Mr. Hoskins was accompanied by a certain Mrs. H—, whom we have no difficulty in identifying as the author's wife, knowing him to be a Benedict; and when we read that "Mrs. H— suffered much less from the fatigue of the tartana and galera (light vehicles) than from riding," and, in another place, that the happy couple travelled together "on one poor beast, the author (who is a heavy man) on one side of its back, and Mrs. H—, with a balance of a few carpet bags, on the other," it being, adds Mr. Hoskins, "a comfortable and sociable way of travelling, seated in two easy chairs," we anticipated little prospect of adventure. And we were right in our conjectures; for two more commonplace and mediocre books of travel we have not had the ill-fortune to cut open for a long time. Having nothing of the slightest personal interest to communicate, Mr. Hoskins fills his volumes

with dry descriptions, borrowed in most instances, though not without acknowledgment, from the excellent 'Hand-Book for Spain,' which not only thoroughly exhausts the province of describing the country, but, by the singular felicity with which the author of that delightful work brings his very uncommon stores of knowledge, reflection, and illustration to bear upon his task, leaves a future cicerone but little chance of being required.

This literary sinning is the more reprehensible, when we remember that Spain is the scene of Mr. Hoskins' travels; a country which, to a European traveller, is a new land abounding with romance. But even as a describer Mr. Hoskins is to be censured; for his language is obscure, so much so, indeed, as to be frequently unintelligible. Take the following passage as an example:—"The interior of the cathedral is as bad as the exterior; three naves, formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, of the same kind I have described in the cathedral of Granada." This reminds us of the celebrated incomplete advertisement of the Provost of Eton College—"Whereas X. X. left the school on Wednesday last, having on jacket and trowsers, and has not since been heard of," leaving the public quite in the dark as to what the whereas more particularly applied to. So Mr. Hoskins says not a word to enlighten us as to what he meant to say about the three naves of his cathedral.

It may be, however, that Mr. Hoskins lacked sufficient courage to give us the experience of his eyesight, for we observe that he has a most unhappy manner, in his verbose descriptions, of saying that things "*seemed*" so and so, as if he either doubted the evidence of his senses, or the value of his judgment. *Le style c'est l'homme*, is a true saying, and whoever reads a chapter of Mr. Hoskins' 'Spain,' will come to the conclusion that he is not the man to write an entertaining book of travels. Take the following as a specimen of his powers of description. The italics are our own.

"Barcelona, however, *seems* to care more for liberty than wealth. Prosperity *seems* only to raise the proud, independent spirit of the citizens; and perhaps there is not a commercial city in the world which has experienced more changes, sustained more sieges, and so frequently raised the standard of revolt. Romans, Goths, Moors, and French have in their turns been possessed of this originally Punic city, until they had princes of their own, from the ninth to the twelfth century, when the twelfth Count of Barcelona ascended the throne of Arragon, having married Patronilla, the heiress of that kingdom. After this marriage they still retained their own assembly of nobles, clergy, and commons, where they originated laws, or sanctioned or refused such as the King of Arragon proposed."

"The entrance into Barcelona is very striking; a gateway, with a horse-shoe arch, leads to the Plaza del Re, which is ornamented on one side by the royal palace, a salmon-coloured stone building, which, with its balcony and painted cornice, has a very good effect, and in its general appearance reminded me some little of the Doge's Palace at Venice.

"Opposite to it is the custom-house, a large building, with *frightful* windows. The Lonja, on the other side of the Plaza, is a noble edifice; and the street is *fine* leading from the Plaza to the Muralla del Mar, which commands a *fine* view of the sea. This promenade is fashionable in warm weather, and charming at all times.

"The place of greatest resort is, however, the Rambla, a noble and very wide street, nearly one thousand yards long, with a broad promenade in the centre, planted with *fine* trees.

"The Rambla is everything at Barcelona. In the Rambla are the best hotels—the Orient and the Quatre-Nations, both excellent; and it is better to wait for rooms in one of them, to avoid driving about the town, as we did, for an hour, though we were glad at last to put up with a poor room in the Quatre-Nations, which we despised at first.

"In the Rambla are the best theatres, open day and night to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-loving people. In the Rambla are the diligence offices, where there is generally a scramble for places, which had better be secured for departure as soon as possible. In the Rambla is the post-office, where all the names are exposed alphabetically, according to the dates of the arrival of the letters; but it is just as well to look through all one's names, Christian as well as surnames, and also through the list of Spaniards as well as strangers. An hour's amusement of this kind must be expected by those who are really anxious to find their letters. In the Rambla, also, is the English Consul's, who was very civil, and lent me a good Spanish guide of Barcelona."

Not content with producing two volumes of dull description, Mr. Hoskins swells them by a voluminous appendix, containing a list of the pictures in the famous galleries, with his criticisms on their excellences and defects. Now it is quite true that Wilkie called Spain the Timbuctoo of artists; but Mr. Hoskins is surely not ignorant that the Spanish galleries have formed the subject of more than one book even since Wilkie's day; and are they not also chronicled in the 'Hand Book?' In his criticisms on art, Mr. Hoskins is equally obscure. Thus, he tells us that "the Greeks frequently painted their statues in marble, a material the Spanish sculptors made little use of, preferring generally limes, sometimes cedar-wood, and frequently clay."

Mr. Hoskins' journal of his travels in Spain will doubtless be read with interest by his own immediate family and friends, but for this it might as well have remained in manuscript. For ourselves we have a duty to perform, and must protest against the reiterated publication of travellers' notes, which are so deficient in style and composition, and add nothing to those we already possess of far better quality.

SUMMARY.

Essays from 'The Times.' Murray.

THE proprietors of 'The Times' in their desire to promote the improvement of the Literature of the Rail, have liberally allowed Mr. Murray to reprint a selection of the best of their critical and historical essays for circulation on our iron highways. They comprise the truly dramatic histories of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, of Louis Philippe and his family, and of the last French Revolution; also the pleasant literary reminiscences of Keats, of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Cottle; and among them are the eccentric amours of Dean Swift with the love-sick Stella and Vanessa; and those philanthropic prison-visitations of Howard, which constitute so memorable an episode in the history of social improvement. All are clever and powerful productions. They were of provoking interest, at the time of their original publication, to the busy, impatient news-reader, and many will now gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of studying them more attentively in their collected form. It is only to be regretted that 'The Times' has not space for reviews at more frequent intervals. We must, however, point to one objection, in a strictly literary sense, to the publication of reviews of books in general newspapers. In order to catch and rivet the attention of a large miscellaneous class of readers, the reviewer inclines to write in somewhat too dramatic a fashion. The style must be essentially pithy and highly seasoned, 'strong and slick,' as the Yankees say; and the writer is led to exaggerate statements, and to adopt a forced

vigour of composition which often reads affected, if not inelegant. There is, however, no denying the talent and pungent interest of the essays before us, and they are especially suited to the railway traveller, whose reflective faculties are apt to wander, under the influence of a momentum of thirty miles an hour.

The Railroad Book of England; Historical, Topographical, and Picturesque. By Edward Churton. Churton.

A 'Railroad Book of England,' containing an account, 'historical, topographical, and picturesque,' of the numerous objects of interest to be found on either side of the iron ways which now stretch in every direction across the country, would be a work of some extent and very general interest. Such a work, to be faithfully executed, could only be produced by a combination of intelligence, local knowledge, labour, and capital. The 'Railroad Book of England' remains to be written; but in the meantime Mr. Churton is entitled to the credit of having originated the idea of such a work, and of having furnished the outlines of a plan which may be more elaborately worked out at some future period. Starting from the various metropolitan stations, he carries the lines of road along his pages, somewhat after the style of Paterson's Roads, the inner margins representing the railway, and showing the various stations, junctions, and branch lines, while the pages themselves contain the description of the 'cities, towns, country seats, and other objects of local interest,' observed in passing, on the right or left of the book, according as they are situate to the right or left of the traveller, seated with his face to the engine. The general design of the work we consider able and skilful, and we anticipate for the book the success which the labour bestowed upon it truly deserves. With its execution in detail we are by no means satisfied. We have tested several localities with which we happen to be thoroughly acquainted, and find many inaccuracies that, with care, might have been avoided. If Mr. Churton desire to maintain the ground he has been the first to occupy, he must thoroughly revise for himself the descriptions given in the Road Books and authorities, from which the present volume has been compiled. There are many errors in this first specimen of a 'Railroad Book of England' which will not be tolerated in a second edition.

The Churchyard Manual, intended chiefly for Rural Districts. By W. Hastings Kelke, A.B. Cox.

THIS little manual professes to be compiled solely for practical purposes, and seeks only to commend itself to those interested in the improvement of rural churchyards. While worthy of the special consideration of clergymen, churchwardens, sculptors, and all connected with churchyard memorials, the book contains matter of interest and value to the general reader. First, there is a treatise on cemeteries and burial places, in which, after a brief historical sketch, and a statement of the existing usages and laws in England, some very sensible remarks are made on the "care of churchyards," and "the claims of churchyards," with "suggestions for their improvement." These suggestions betoken a spirit of piety and of good taste combined, and if attended to, would not only improve the appearance of many churchyards, but render them more likely to convey solemn lessons to the living. Then there are chapters on monumental and other memorials. The architectural statements are illustrated by designs by Messrs. G. G. Scott and W. Slater, architects. The latter half of the volume consists of a collection of inscriptions and epitaphs, original and selected, of great number and variety, arranged under different heads, and appropriate for the particular circumstances to be recorded in such memorials. Mr. Kelke is rector of Drayton Beauchamp, where "the judicious Hooker" had his first incumbency, and a view of the Church forms the frontispiece of this interesting and useful 'Manual.'

Dramatic Fairy Tales. By a Lady. Hall and Co. THE plots of the two dramas in this little volume are founded on fairy tales in Grimm's collection, entitled, 'Jorinda and Jorindel,' and 'The Turnip.'

Here they become 'The Flower Spirit,' and 'The Fairy Pine.' The moral of the first play is, that there is a power on high, superior to all the giants and witches of this nether world, and that it is good for man to trust in the wisdom and goodness of that power. At the end of Act III., Gerald and Geraldine escape beyond the enchanted circle of the giant, who pursues them, but his course is arrested as he steps upon it, and the guardian Flower Spirit addresses him:—

"FLOWER SPIRIT.

Monster, avaunt! though bold and mischievous,
Boast not thy wicked spells, which have no power
Over the good, the brave, the penitent.
Know that whatever arts thou may'st devise
To urge mankind to error or to sin,
They must be willing victims ere they fall
Under thy impious and malignant sway.
Whate'er thy vaunted skill, there's One above
Can counteract its most pernicious power,
And punish with resistless energy
Thy crafty and malevolent designs."

The other story is in praise of contentment and against covetousness. The evils arising from love of gold are exposed, and the happiness celebrated of the safe mean between poverty and wealth. The authoress has done her work with skill and with taste, but we should regret to see her talents further employed in the dramatizing of fairy tales. The simple narrative style, whether in prose or verse, is in general far best adapted for such subjects. At the same time, in both poems, there are some pretty snatches of song, and passages of noble feeling, and the plots are ably arranged and managed.

John Milton; a Biography. By Cyrus Edmonds. Cockshaw.

NOTHING new or original can be looked for now in a life of Milton, but in the present volume a good popular biography is given of the Man, the Poet, and the Statesman. Mr. Edmonds is already favourably known as the biographer of Washington, and he has here a subject of kindred greatness. His book is professedly written with the view of exhibiting the ecclesiastical principles of Milton, but his domestic and political life is also fully described. Good sense is shown in giving copious extracts from those prose works of Milton to which he adds so many passages of his own life and history. From these might almost be compiled an autobiography, than which few public men have left a record so interesting and authentic. The spirit in which Mr. Edmonds has performed his task may be gathered from the concluding sentence. "Such was Milton—a man than whom England never produced another more worthy of her pride—a man raised by his endowments almost above the level and the lot of humanity—in whom a genius that resembled inspiration, and attainments which might have been thought too various and extensive for human capacity, were sanctified by divine grace, and devoted to the freedom, the advancement, and the happiness of man."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anne; or, Passages from Home Life, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Bartol's (B. H.) Marine Boilers of the United States, 12s.
Bohn's Scientific Library: Stockhardt's Chemistry, cl., 5s.
——— Illustrated Library: Christian Iconography, 5s.
——— Standard Library: Neander's Christianity, V. 2, 3s. 6d.
——— Classical Library: Ovid, cloth, 5s.
Burton's (R. F.) Scinde; or, The Unhappy Valley, 2 v., 21s.
Butler's Analogy, 12mo, cloth, 2s., sewed, 1s. 6d.
Cabinet Shakspeare, Vol. 9, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Chambers's Papers, Vol. 11, 1s. 6d.
Cobbin's (Rev. I.) Condensed Commentary, cloth, 21s.
Essays from 'The Times,' 12mo, boards, 4s.
Grindrod's Bacchus; an Essay on Intemperance, 5s.
Half-Hours of English History, Vol. 1, cloth, 3s.
Hall's Diamond Map of Latin Syntax, 1s.
Hoskins' (G. A.) Spain as It Is, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century, Part 1, 7s. 6d.
Johnson's Life, Health, and Disease, 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.
Jowett's Visitor: Psalms to Malachi, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Kennedy's (J. P.) Swallow Barn, post 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Lady Avice; a Story of the Day, 2 vols. post 8vo, cl., 21s.
McDougal's Modern Geography, eighth edition, cl., 2s. 6d.
McMicking's Recollections of Manila & Philippines, 10s. 6d.
Mahon's The Forty-five, post 8vo, cloth, 3s.
Nimrod's Chase, 12mo, sewed, 1s.
Pictorial Shakspeare, National edition, Comedies, V. 2, 7s. 6d.
Raphael's Prophetic Messenger for 1852, 12mo, swd., 2s. 6d.
Webb's (Mrs.) Julamerck; a Tale of Nestorian Christians, 5s. 6d.
Wright's Sketches of Modern Irreligion and Infidelity, 2s. 6d.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

WHEN Captain Austin announced his intention of proceeding to Jones' Sound in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, we conjectured that he would soon be on his way back to England. Believing that the above Sound would be found inland, we did not think that Captain Austin would winter in, or near it. Captain Austin has returned to England. His dispatches are not yet published, but as far as we can learn from letters which have been received from the officers of his expedition, he explored fifty miles of Jones' Sound, and being unable to penetrate farther, gave up the search. Thus, the renewal of any efforts to find the missing expedition is necessarily postponed until the ensuing spring. The Admiralty have not acceded to Captain Penny's request to be furnished this autumn with a steamer to search Victoria Channel, and it is of course too late to send out sailing ships.

We regret extremely that Sir John Ross, who has also returned with the *Felix*, equipped under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, should, after the discovery of the traces of Franklin at the entrance to Wellington Channel, still insist that the Esquimaux report of the destruction of the *Erebus* and *Terror* at the head of Baffin's Bay, and the murder of their officers and crews, is worthy of credit. Great pains were taken to investigate the truthfulness of this report, and it was ascertained beyond doubt that there was no authority for it. It is evident that two such ships as the *Erebus* and *Terror* could not well be lost without leaving some traces on the coast. The shores where the rumoured tragedy took place were examined, without finding the slightest evidence of such an event having occurred, and having since learned that Sir John Franklin passed his first winter at the mouth of Wellington Channel, it is more than ever certain that the Esquimaux report is devoid of truth. Now that Sir John Franklin is known to have wintered in that snug locality, Sir John Ross gives as his opinion, that the ships were lost in Baffin's Bay, on their return homeward!

It is greatly to be deplored that another year will elapse leaving the fate of Sir John Franklin still a dark mystery. That more might have been done this year we have no hesitation in asserting; and it does appear not a little extraordinary, that among all the ships composing the searching squadron on the side of Barrow's Straits, which were equipped in the most efficient manner, only one, and that the small *Prince Albert* schooner, should be now in the arctic regions. According to Sir John Ross, the American ships have returned to their country from Disco Island, where they were last seen, but in the absence of more positive information, although they could not have reached Wellington Channel before the setting in of winter, we are not warranted in concluding that they have actually returned home.

ASCENT OF KINI-BALU.

THE following interesting remarks are from a letter received by a correspondent from Hugh Low, Esq., Colonial Secretary at Borneo, who has been the first to ascend the loftiest mountain of that island. The position of Kini-Balu is at the N.E. extremity of Borneo, in about 6° north lat., where it forms a most conspicuous feature from the ocean to the east, north, and south. It has hitherto erroneously been presumed to be volcanic, from its peculiarly steep summit, and the rugged crater-like ridges it presents on various sides, and probably as much from analogy, so the lofty explored peaks of Java being invariably so. The discovery of its granitic structure is on this account the more interesting. To the botanist, Kini-Balu seems to afford a rival in rhododendrons to the Himalaya, and in pitcher plants to any known country.

In the same communication Mr. Low informs us that he intends again ascending the mountain, and, if possible, reaching a higher elevation. We wish this adventurous and intelligent explorer every success. Nothing is said of the difficulties and dangers that must have attended his journey from

the coast to the foot of the mountain, they were doubtless many and severe, and we wait with anxiety for further particulars, which shall be laid at once before our readers.

"Labuan, April 23, 1851.

"As, when I had the pleasure of meeting you in England, you expressed a wish to know something of the mountain Kini-Balu, I have now the pleasure to inform you, that I have sent to Colonel Butterworth, the Governor of the Straits, a small collection of plants made there by myself, on a visit I paid to the mountain last month, of which I beg your acceptance. I enclose in the same parcel two or three small pieces of the rocks from different parts of the hill, by which you will perceive that the mountain is granitic, and not volcanic, as has been generally supposed. The view of the hill by which it is best known gives it a conical form; but that, I am inclined to think, is from its having been principally observed from the westward, where the end only of the mountain is seen. I imagined I had gained the top of the south-west end, but such could not have been the case, as the height of the point I gained is by barometer only 8516; whereas the top, by triangulation, had been found to be 13,500 feet.* The highest parts are bare granite, and the ridge very narrow, the side to the northward being sheer precipice. Two or three orchids were growing on the rock at the extreme point I gained, when the thermometer stood at 52° at noon of a fine day. The whole of the ascent is exceedingly steep, but with no places of any great difficulty to surmount, as far as I went. I remained two or three nights at an elevation of about 8000 feet, encamped under an overhanging rock, with a pretty considerable torrent rushing past it; the ravine of which was densely clothed with vegetation, including a fine yellow *Rhododendron*, forming a large shrub or small tree. In the same ravine grew also a *Phyllocladus*,† a small-leaved *Dacrydium*, and another curious *Rhododendron*, like a *Heath*. One of the most remarkable plants was a new *Dacrydium*, which looked so much like a spruce fir, that I, at first, thought it must really be a cone-bearing plant. Of four species of pitcher-plant, one was of a very curious, and to me of quite a new form, and so large as to contain as much water as I could drink at a draught when thirsty, probably a pint; it was a strong-growing species, and after a rather long search I found it in flower; but all my specimens of it, together with many others, were thrown away by my lazy followers during the descent, which we found very severe work, aggravated as it was by being made in very heavy rain. This pitcher-plant was not found high on the hill, not more than from 2 to 4000 feet. In all, I saw thirteen species of *Rhododendron* in a distance of about three miles; some of those on the lower parts of the mountain epiphytal, and all that were in flower exceedingly beautiful."

LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S ARMOURY.

A STROLL in the valley of the Cock, the site of the sanguinary battle of Towton, cannot fail to interest and delight the tourist in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He will perceive at a glance the strong position of the contending parties, and without any violent effort of imagination may trace the flight of the discomfited Lancastrians along the course of the little brook until it empties itself in the rapid stream of the Wharfe. At this point hundreds of the wretched fugitives perished in their attempt to gain the opposite shore, while the blood of the

* Captain Sir E. Belcher, who visited this locality in the *Samarang* in 1844, and published, in his 'Narrative' of that voyage, an admirable view of the mountain, drawn on the spot by Lieut. Browne, estimated its height, from observations made at Labuan, Ambong, Tampassook, Mantanani, and other places in the vicinity, to be 13,698 feet. Its summit was enveloped with mist, and from the difficulties which its outline and surrounding scenery presented, Captain Belcher did not attempt the ascent.

† By this observation, the elevation reached by Mr. Low might have been assumed as between 8 and 9000 feet.

‡ *Phyllocladus* is a genus of Coniferous plants, of which two species only were hitherto known—the celery-topped pine of Van Diemen's Land, and a similar tree from New Zealand—both yield excellent spars and masts.

slain and wounded, brought down by the melting snow, tinged the water for miles. Having a few days since visited the scene of that memorable conflict, we next turned towards Grimeston Park, the seat of Lord Lonsborough, his Lordship kindly permitting strangers to view his beautiful collection of mediæval and Oriental arms. The collection of armory was originally formed by Lord Howden; but it has received many judicious additions from the present owner, whose attachment to our English antiquities is so well known. Nothing can exceed the order in which the arms are arranged, and the exquisite beauty of some of the specimens. There are some examples of wheel-lock rifles and muskets of most elaborate and curious workmanship. Among these is the identical gun with which the most Christian king Charles the Ninth is said to have fired from a window on his flying Protestant subjects during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The barrel is richly chased, and the ivory stock engraved and inlaid in the first style of the art of that period. A triple wheel-lock petronel, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, is a fine example of the ornamentation bestowed on the arms of those days. The specimens of daggers and poniards are exceedingly curious. One of them, obtained by Lord Lonsborough in France many years since, is said to have belonged to Raoul de Coucy, and is a very uncommon example of the *misericorde* or dagger worn by the armed knight of the middle ages. It is of great strength, and both hilt and blade being formed of steel, it must, in the hands of a powerful man, have been a most formidable weapon, even against a mailed opponent. Two other daggers of a late period, the hilts ornamented with russet and gold, are very charming specimens of that elegant style of workmanship so conspicuous in the armour of the same period. There is also a curious triple dagger with springs. Another dagger is inscribed, "Happy is he who conquers, happy he who pardons." Some executioners' swords are also conspicuous in the collection. The broad blade of one is thirty-five inches in length, with a German inscription, the import of which is—"When I wield this weapon, may God have mercy on your soul." Another object most worthy of notice is a Catalan clasp knife, dropped by its possessor, the famous Cura Merino, in his flight near Miranda de Ebro, in the war between the Carlists and Cristinos. The inscriptions on the blade, which is twelve inches long, are curious and characteristic—"Long live an Absolute King and the Holy Inquisition"—"I defend my master"—"If this viper stings you there is no remedy at the Apothecary." And a sword of a knight of St. John of Jerusalem bears the emphatic motto of the order, *Castitas, Paupertas, Obedientia*. There is also the Montano, or battle falchion, and dagger of Francesco Padilla, one of the generals of Charles V., with the scabbard and its mountings in perfect preservation; several choice specimens of Mahratta and Sikh armour and arms. Among the former is a sword with a gauntlet attached. A suit of chain mail, of which the covering for the head is of Circassian workmanship, but that for the body is the work of a French armourer. This was originally made for the use of the late King of the French, to be worn by him on public occasions after the Revolution of 1830. Two of these jackets were made by an armourer at Paris, and the specimen here preserved was discovered to be too small for the body it was destined to protect. Among other remarkable objects not yet described are an English brown bill, dug up on the field of Cressy; a warder's horn of the 14th century, resembling in shape the celebrated horn of Ulphas, preserved in York Minster; various exquisite examples of the rapier and Toledo of the 17th century; a large double-wheel lock, engraved with the arms of Visconti; and lastly the chambuck, or whip of hippopotamus hide, presented to Admiral Hugon by Ibrahim Pasha. This whip was used by the Pasha to flog the Arabs into battle during the Egyptian invasion of Greece in 1827.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 2.

ALTHOUGH the finances of France are the reverse of prosperous, and her political situation anything but cheering, she still finds means to encourage, with exemplary munificence, literary, scientific, and artistic undertakings. In addition to the vast amounts she votes regularly in the budget, her government has recently granted 8000*l.*, or thereabouts, for the completion of a vast work, reproducing with the closest fidelity the paintings of the early Christians which still exist in the catacombs at Rome; many of which, by the way, are from portions of the catacombs never explored, until the author of the work, M. Perret, a French architect, penetrated into them not long since, in spite of great difficulty and much personal danger. The government has also just sent out a new consul to Mosul, with the means of making diggings at Nineveh, so that France, to use a French expression, may "have a share in the glory" which the discovery of that renowned city casts on the present century. For the exploration of the buried ruins of Memphis, it has, as you are already aware, likewise made a pecuniary grant. Moreover, it has sent, or is to send, expeditions of young and enterprising *savants* to make a complete and searching investigation of Egypt, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Media, Chaldea, Babylonia, and parts of Persia; also, all along the course of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and especially on the sites occupied by the places mentioned in biblical history. Not long since, too, M. de Sauley returned from a visit at its expense to the Dead Sea; and it has now agents employed at the risk of their lives in exploring the central part of South America, which is almost totally unknown to Europeans.

In the account of his voyage to the Dead Sea, which was accompanied with great personal danger, both from the climate and the attacks of the Arabs, M. de Sauley declares, in contradiction to previous travellers, and to most geography books, that fish do not and cannot exist in its waters, though he saw ducks swimming on its surface. The Arabs who escorted him mentioned that the river Jordan frequently carries fish into the lake, but that they soon die. The dead body of a little fish was picked up by him amidst the bitumen and sulphur on the banks. The sea, he ascertained from observation, confirmed by subsequent calculation, is not fewer than four hundred yards below the level of the Mediterranean!

Another addition to that class of French literature called 'Memoirs' is about to appear, and from the hand of no less a personage than Alexandre Dumas. The great romancer is to tell the world the history of his own eventful life, and his extraordinary literary career. The chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published—and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses, and that amongst them are an Antony Hamilton and a Duke de Saint Simon. Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players,—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds,—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius, (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for a dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand,—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next (according to his own account) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns

—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colours—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, and caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied than any human being now existing—Alexander must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination. But *n'importe!*

Notwithstanding the constant communications between England and France—notwithstanding the vast number of Frenchmen who have visited London, and the immense number of English always residing at Paris—the French seem to be as much convinced as ever that *milord John Bull* is utterly unlike all the rest of humanity in his way of thinking, acting, dressing, eating, and every other respect whatsoever. There is not a week in which their newspapers do not make one of his sons the hero of some absurd adventure. The other day, for example, it was gravely stated that our English *milord*, on passing a provision shop, was seen to burst into tears at the sight of a haunch of venison—he having recognised, by a peculiar mark, that it was that of a deer named Billy, which he had tenderly loved—and he immediately rushed into the shop "with a handful of bank notes," to purchase the haunch, and preserve it from the profanation of being cooked. A *feuilletoniste* hard up for matter always brings forward some extravagant *eccentricité* perpetrated by a *milord* or a *miladi*. On the stage, our countrymen are almost invariably represented as carrying with them a huge bottle of Prussic acid, that they may be able to commit suicide whenever the whim takes them. At the Palais Royal, there is at this moment in performance a piece which the Parisians consider a faithful picture of English manners. A French artist, on his last legs, makes his fortune by buying at Smithfield market the wife of his landlord, and selling her immediately after to a peer for thirty-fold the cost price. The said peer (he wears a red Turkish cap as the mark of his dignity) afterwards sells her back to her husband, in order that he may marry the daughter of his own brother, who is a policeman! At the same theatre, the inimitable Levassor sings what is called an English song, of which this is a specimen—

"O Jenny! ô my dear Jenny!
Vo étiez very very very pretty!
Ah! ô Jenny!
O my dear Jenny!
Vo étiez very very pretty!
O yes! ah! ô my good god!!!"

The newspapers complain that a painting on wood, by Albert Durer, in the church of Saint Gervais, is, from neglect, in danger of destruction. It is very rare that such a complaint has to be made against the French; their besetting sin is rather to spoil works of art by taking too much care of them, just as they spoil old public buildings, venerable beneath the dirt and smoke of centuries, by scraping them until they are as white and spruce as a milliner's bandbox. And *apropos* of scraping, there is, it seems, such an infatuated liking for it amongst certain officials, that Notre Dame itself is menaced with it; the repairs that have been made in the façade requiring, it is gravely said, that the whole building shall be *cleaned*, so as to create harmony between the old masonry and the new. The heathens do not see that it would be fifty thousand times better to darken the new stones than to scrape white the old. It was bad enough to clean, some years ago, the old abbatial church of Saint Denis, so venerable from antiquity, and from the way in which it has more than once figured in the ancient history of France; but that was a far less impiety than would be the scraping of the majestic old church of Our Lady of Paris. The whitewashing of the exterior of Westminster Abbey would not be a greater abomination.

VARIETIES.

J. Fenimore Cooper.—The death of this distinguished American novelist, for which we were prepared by the recent accounts of his severe illness, is reported in the 'New York Tribune' and in the 'New York Literary World,' to have taken place on the 14th ultimo at his residence at Cooperstown. "It will resound through the great world of readers," says the latter journal, "like the fall of one of the great oaks of our primeval forests." Unhappily for America, she has not such a forest of literary oaks standing, and can ill afford to lose her long eminent delineator of prairie-life. She is too intent upon the free use of the fruit of the British oak to rear acorns of her own; hence the loss of an author of Mr. Cooper's celebrity must be severely felt in the American world of letters. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, and wanted a day of the completion of his sixty-third year.

Messrs. Longmans' Announcements.—To the list of new works mentioned in April last (*ante* p. 253) as preparing for publication, may now be added, 'Hippolytus and his Age; or, Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus,' by the Chevalier Bunsen; 'Lectures on the History of France,' by Professor Sir James Stephen; 'China during the War and since the Peace, including Translations of Secret State Papers,' by Sir J. F. Davis, Bart.; 'A History of the English Railways,' by John Francis; 'English Agriculture in 1850 and 1851, its Conditions and Prospects,' by the Agricultural Commissioner of 'The Times'; 'Sketches of English Literature,' by Mrs. C. L. Balfour; 'Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art,' by Louisa Twining; 'Protestantism and Popery Contrasted,' by the Rev. J. E. Cox; a new edition of Sir W. J. Hooker's 'Musculologia Britannica,' new illustrated editions of Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Irish Melodies,' and several important commercial and educational works.

Mr. Murray's Announcements.—The chief novel-ties in Mr. Murray's list of forthcoming works, in addition to those already mentioned (*ante*, p. 253), are a 'History of England under the Houses of York and Lancaster,' by a gentleman, whose name is represented by a mysterious blank line; a new work by Dr. Layard, entitled 'Fresh Discoveries at Nineveh, and Researches at Babylon'; a new work by Sir Francis Head, with the facetious title, 'All my Eye'; 'Some Account of the Danes and Northmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland,' by J. J. A. Worsaae, of Copenhagen; 'Lives of the three Devereux, Earls of Sussex,' by the Hon. Captain Devereux; 'Personal Narrative of an Englishman domesticated in Abyssinia,' by Mansfield Parkyns, Esq.; 'An Illustrated Classical Mythology and Biography,' by Dr. William Smith; 'Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata,' by Sir Woodbine Parish; two new volumes of Grote's 'History of Greece'; an 'Official Handbook,' and 'Handbooks' of Familiar Quotations, of Chronology, of Architecture, of the Cathedrals of England, of England and Wales, of Syria and the Holy Land, and of the Environs of London.

New National Gallery.—The Commissioners to whom the question of an eligible site for a new National Gallery was referred, have reported, that without the purchase of a piece of land, which they mention as being procurable, and as having a frontage to the Park (which Park?) none is to be obtained combining all the requisite advantages, "except by appropriating a portion of Kensington Gardens," and they have selected a space adjoining the Ray-water Road, on the north side of the Gardens, for the purpose. Their choice, the Report says, will give—

"An insulated position, where the gallery may be secured from the obstruction of light and air occasioned by neighbouring buildings, and where additional space may hereafter be provided for the increase of the collections, or for the other departments of art which it may be deemed desirable to unite with a National Gallery, and

"A site which may be easily accessible to visitors resorting thither on foot and in public conveyances."

The Regent's Park is very properly avoided. "on account of the clay soil, which is thought to be un-

favourable to the preservation of pictures;" but the reason assigned for the choice of Kensington Gardens, "that they will remain safe for future years amidst the growth of the metropolis," seems less conclusive. The recent intrusion of the 'equestrians' into this once delightful retreat, and the very proposition of the Commissioners themselves, negative the assurance they put forward. A National Gallery erected on the north side of the Gardens must in some degree interfere with their privacy and quiet, but will be much more agreeable to the feelings of the public than the loss of the south side by its abandonment to the denizens of Rotten-row. The proposal now made will assuredly meet with less opposition, if the pledge of the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, that the equestrians should return to the Park after the close of the Exhibition, be faithfully kept.

Lyceum Theatre.—A skilful and brilliant version of Balzac's comedy of *Mercadet* was produced at this house on Thursday, under the title *A Game of Speculation*. Mr. Affable Hawk, a gentleman of the highest reputation 'on 'Change,' is secretly ruined by the dishonesty of a runaway partner; but he keeps his creditors at bay with consummate assurance, and manages, on the faith of various schemes, to make every one believe that he is still a capitalist. The chief of these consists of the marriage of his daughter with an Irish Baronet of reputed wealth, whom he himself believes to be possessed of estates sufficient to help him through all difficulties. The Baronet, however, is playing the same game, being, in reality, over head and ears in debt, and speculating on the receipt of a marriage portion sufficient to pay them tenfold. The bubble bursts eventually; but the absent partner returns in time to save all and make all happy. It is almost needless to say that none but Mr. Charles Mathews could assume the indomitable tact, the skilful *finesse*, and imperturbable self-possession of the bankrupt millionaire. It is a most refined and highly-finished portrait. In the dandy baronet, Mr. Roxby has also a character admirably suited to his limited powers. The dialogue is sparkling throughout, and the very neat and perfect manner in which the comedy is put upon the stage is beyond all praise. It is extremely gratifying to find the true spirit of the drama upheld at this agreeable theatre with so much talent, propriety, and genuine good taste.

American Theatricals.—Among the arrivals in New York from our fatherland, during the past month, were Madame Anna Thillon, and Mr. Hudson, Miss Catherine Hayes, and Miss Laura Addison.

Voltaire and Franklin.—After dinner we went to the Academy of Sciences, and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies on several of their members lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done, and they bowed and spoke to each other. This was no satisfaction; there must be something more. Neither of our philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they, however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamour continued, until the explanation came out. 'Il faut s'embrasser, à la Française.' The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and frivolity then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom, and, I suppose, over all Europe, 'Qu'il était charmant de voir embrasser Solon et Sapho!'—*Diary of John Adams.*

American Reprints.—The American *Journal of Commerce* gives the following statistics of the publishing house of Harpur Brothers, of New York:—There are employed in the establishment about 40 hands, whose wages exceed 10,000 dollars per month. In the composing rooms are 40 hands, who are frequently engaged upon 20 works at one time. In the stereotype foundry, 13 hands are employed, turning out more than 700 plates per week. Between 50,000 and 60,000 lbs. of metal are consumed yearly. In the plate printing room

are 9 hands and 8 presses—each of the latter averaging 700 impressions per day. The press room contains 20 Adams's power presses, and 2 hand presses, constantly running. Each power press averages 5000 impressions per day. 45 hands are employed in working them. 8 new power presses are to be put in the new building. 50 girls are employed in the sewing rooms, and 100 girls in folding, pressing, and drying the sheets. There are in the bindery 45 hands. Some of the principal expenditures in this department are—for gold leaf, 4000 dollars per year; leather, 6000 dollars; muslin, 4500 dollars; pasteboards, 3500 dollars; eggs (used in sizing), 200 dollars. The cuttings from the edges of the books in process of binding amount to 18 tons per annum, which are sold to the paper makers. The vaults for stereotype plates (subterranean, to insure the safety of their contents in case of fire) are very extensive, comprising 4305 feet of shelving. 8 large rooms are required for the sale, storing, and delivering of books, in which 13 clerks, salesmen, &c. are employed. Of this number, 4 are sons of members of the firm. The motive power is supplied by a 50-horse power engine, driven by a powerful boiler. The annual sales have been estimated at over 2,000,000 volumes, including pamphlets. The annual cost of paper consumed is about 150,000 dollars. There are kept constantly on hand about 7000 reams.

Discovery of Anglo-Saxon Remains.—The excavators of the Hon. Mr. Neville, of Audley-end, have recently been successfully engaged in examining the site of an Anglo-Saxon cemetery, in a field in the occupation of Mr. Jeremiah Kent, near Little Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire. They have brought to light, in addition to numerous skeletons of all ages, weapons, iron spears, knives, umbones of shields, axes, and swords, ornaments, a profusion of variegated beads of glass, pottery, amber, jet, spar, and other natural materials; besides a number of bronze fibulae, of cruciform, circular, and other ornamental shapes. Contiguous to these have occurred black urns of rude pattern, peculiar to those usually discovered in similar interments. These, in some cases, contained perfect bronze tweezers, and fragments of bone combs; in all, burnt bones of animals, but in none (as has been erroneously stated) were any human remains. The most interesting feature in these discoveries is the fact of some bronze vessels having been obtained precisely similar in form (and also resting on the skulls of the skeletons) to the one from the same locality exhibited at the Archaeological Institute, and by some persons supposed to be a crown; the most perfect of specimens, however, having a hoop-handle entire, with palpable traces of a wooden bottom, satisfactorily establishes their identity with the *situla* or pail, described by Douglas in his *Nenia Britannica*, and by Mr. Roach Smith in the *Journal of the Archaeological Association*, and his *Collectanea Antiqua*, as having been met with in Saxon graves. This successful addition to the honourable gentleman's collection at Audley-end of Roman and Saxon remains, will form one of the first class of private museums in this country.—*The Times.*

Malady of Grapes.—The journals have announced the breaking out of a disease in grapes in France and Italy. From communications made to the Académie des Sciences at Paris, it appears that the malady was first noticed in the hothouses of Mr. Tucker, at Margate, in 1845; afterwards in hothouses in Belgium. In France it first appeared in 1847, in the hothouse of Baron de Rothschild, at Sursennes, a short distance from Paris; thence it spread into the adjacent vineyards, taking a wider circle every year, and at present it almost entirely surrounds Paris. It is called the *Oidium Tuckeri*, and consists of a microscopic mushroom developing itself on the fruit. The present belief is, that it arises from the cultivation of grapes in hothouses; and if the fact shall be clearly demonstrated, that process of cultivation will have to be prohibited in France. The production of grapes occupies millions of acres, and gives employment to millions of hands in that country, and cannot be allowed to be endangered by the continuance of aristocratic hothouses.

American Steamboats.—Accidents to western boats seem to come in an epidemic form. For a month or two we hear of none, and then again every day's mail or rather telegraph will record some new calamity by fire, snags, or steam. The list of boats destroyed and injured in 1850 I do not think is comparatively large, although when arrayed in figures it looks frightful enough. During the year there were 53 boats lost upon the western waters, and 107 serious accidents occurred, as follows:—33 boats sunk, 14 burned, 6 destroyed by explosion, and 64 seriously injured. Over 700 persons lost their lives, and property to the amount of 1,500,000 dollars was sacrificed. During the summer of 1841, on the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, thirty boats were snagged and sunk, in fact a great part of the then St. Louis fleet was lost. That this was the case can excite no wonder in the mind of any one who has sailed upon the Upper Mississippi in a time of very low water. The river, which at other times presents an appearance of majestic and solemn grandeur, as it rolls its grey waves through the immense and seemingly boundless forests that clothe its sides, then seems equally horrible and disgusting. The once majestic tide retreats into a thousand narrow and sinuous channels, leaving an enormous field of mud and sand literally bristling with the now apparent snags, for the traveller to feast his eyes upon. In every direction he will see wrecks of mired boats, and tremble lest the next hour may add his own to their number. One spot above Cairo is known, and justly, as the 'Grave Yard,' and the bottom is paved with the bones of lost steamers.—*New York Literary World.*

NEW SHOW ROOMS FOR BEDSTEADS.

HEAL AND SON have erected some extensive Warehouses for the purpose of keeping every description of Bedstead. In Iron their Stock will include every sort manufactured, from the cheap Stump, for servants' use, to the handsomely ornamented tubular-pillared Canopy, as well as Brass Bedsteads of every shape and pattern, and in wooden Bedsteads their Rooms are sufficiently extensive to allow them to fit up a variety, both in Polished Birch and Mahogany, of Four-post, Canopy, and French, and also of Japanned Bedsteads—in fact, to keep in Stock every sort of Bedstead that is made. They have also a general assortment of Furniture, Chintzes, Damasks, and Dimities, so as to render their Stock complete for the Furbishing of Bedsteads as well as Bedding. Without attempting to compete with the prices at which the lowest class of Furniture is sold, and which is fit for no useful purpose, their new Stock will be found to be priced on the same principle by which their Bedding Trade has, during the last thirty years, been so successfully extended, and the goods, whether of a plain and simple pattern, or of a handsomer and more expensive character, are of well-seasoned materials, sound workmanship, and warranted.

Heal and Son's List of Bedding, containing full particulars of Weights, Sizes, and Prices of every description of Bedding, sent free by post, on application to their Factory, 196, (opposite the Chapel), Tottenham Court Road, London.

MOURNING—COURT, FAMILY, and COM-PLIMENTARY.—The Proprietor of the LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE begs respectfully to remind families, whose bereavements compel them to adopt mourning attire, that every article of the very best description requisite for a complete outfit of mourning may be had at this establishment at a moment's notice. Estimates for servants' mourning, affording a great saving to families, are furnished, whilst the habitual attendance of experienced assistants (including dressmakers and milliners) enables them to suggest or supply every necessary for the occasion, and suited to any grade or condition of the community. Widows' and Family Mourning is always kept made up, and a note, descriptive of the mourning required, will ensure its being sent forthwith, either in town or into the country, and on the most reasonable terms.

W. C. Jay, 247, 249, 251, Regent Street.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

"NORTON'S" CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy, to all who suffer from Indigestion, Sick Headache, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Heartburn, and Acidity of the Stomach, Depressed Spirits, Disturbed Sleep, Violent Palpitations, Spasms, General Debility, Costiveness, &c. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can bear testimony to the benefits derived from their use. Sold in bottles at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase any of the various imitations which have sprung up in consequence of the success of "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS."

FLOOR CLOTHS.

Best quality, warranted . . . 2s. 6d. per sq. yd.
Persian and Turkey pattern . . . 2s. 9d. "
Common Floor Cloth . . . 2s. 0d. "

INDIA MATTING; COCOA-FIBRE MATTS AND MATTING.
JOWETT, Manufacturer, 532 NEW OXFORD STREET.

MARIA MANNING, GEORGE MANNING, and BLOOMFIELD RUSH, taken from life during their trials, a cast in plaster of Mr. O'Connor, and a plan of the Kitchen where he was murdered, models of Stanfield Hall and Potash Farm, are now added to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame TUSSAUD and SONS' EXHIBITION, Bazaar, Baker Street, Portman Square. Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10.—Admission, Large Room, 1s.; Small Rooms, 6d. extra.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE, 50, REGENT STREET. CITY BRANCH: 2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS. ESTABLISHED 1806.

POLICY HOLDERS' CAPITAL, £1,192,818.
ANNUAL INCOME, £150,000. BONUSES DECLARED, £743,000.
Claims paid since the establishment of the Office, £2,001,450.

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY.

DIRECTORS.

THE REV. JAMES SHERMAN, Chairman.

HENRY BLENCOWE CHURCHILL, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Henry B. Alexander, Esq. William Ostler, Esq.
George Dacre, Esq. Apsley Pellatt, Esq.
William Judd, Esq. George Round, Esq.
Sir Richard D. King, Bart. Frederick Squire, Esq.
The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. William Henry Stone, Esq.
Thomas Maugham, Esq. Capt. William John Williams.

J. A. Beaumont, Esq., Managing Director.

Physician—John Maclean, M.D., F.R.S., 29, Upper Montague Street, Montague Square.

NINETEEN TWENTIETHS OF THE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG THE INSURED.

Examples of the Extinction of Premiums by the Surrender of Bonuses.

| Date of Policy. | Sum Insured. | Original Premium. | Bonuses added subsequently, to be further increased annually. |
|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|---|
| 1806 | £ 2500 | £ s. d. 79 10 10 | Extinguished. 1222 2 0 |
| 1811 | 1000 | 33 19 2 | ditto 231 17 8 |
| 1818 | 1000 | 34 16 10 | ditto 114 18 10 |

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

| Policy No. | Date. | Sum Insured. | Bonuses added. | Total with additions, to be further increased. |
|------------|-------|--------------|------------------|--|
| 521 | 1807 | £ 900 | £ s. d. 982 12 1 | 1882 12 1 |
| 1174 | 1810 | 1200 | 1160 5 6 | 2360 5 6 |
| 3392 | 1820 | 5000 | 3558 17 8 | 8558 17 8 |

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained upon application to the Agents of the Office in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom, at the City Branch, and at the head Office, No. 50, Regent Street.

PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Established in 1797, for Granting Assurances on Lives and Survivorships. OFFICES.—70, Lombard Street, City; and 57, Charing Cross, Westminster.

DIRECTORS.

Matthias Attwood, Esq. Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq.
Robert Gurney Barclay, Esq. Thomas Hodgson, Esq.
William Cotton, Esq., F.R.S. Henry Lancelot Holland, Esq.
William Davis, Esq. J. Petty Muspratt, Esq.
Richard Fuller, Esq. C. Hampden Turner, Esq., F.R.S.
Jas. A. Gordon, M.D., F.R.S. Matthew Whitting, Esq.

Auditors—Emanuel Goodhart, Esq., John Davis, Esq., John Haggard, D.C.L.

BONUS.

NOTICE.—FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE NET PROFITS realized by the Company from Insurances effected upon the Participating Scale of Premiums allotted, agreeably to the conditions of the Policies, every Seven Years, commencing from the 3rd July, 1840.

The following is a specimen of the Bonuses declared at the first septennial investigation up to the 2nd July, 1847:—

| Age when Assured. | Sum Assured. | PREMIUMS PAID. | Bonus added. | Per centage on Premiums paid. |
|-------------------|--------------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| | | Number. | Amount. | |
| 15 | £ 3000 | 6 | £ s. d. 315 0 0 | 164 16 8 |
| 25 | 5000 | 7 | 775 16 8 | 347 13 4 |
| 35 | 2500 | 6 | 431 17 6 | 183 18 0 |
| 45 | 2000 | 6 | 464 0 0 | 172 6 7 |

Annual Premium required for the Assurance of £100, for the whole term of life:—

| Age. | Without Profits. | With Profits. | Age. | Without Profits. | With Profits. |
|------|------------------|----------------|------|------------------|---------------|
| 15 | £ s. d. 1 11 0 | £ s. d. 1 15 0 | 40 | £ s. d. 2 18 10 | £ s. d. 3 6 5 |
| 20 | 1 13 10 | 1 19 3 | 50 | 4 0 9 | 4 10 7 |
| 30 | 2 4 0 | 2 10 4 | 60 | 6 1 0 | 6 7 4 |

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

AND
FIELD MARSHAL
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., K.T.,
K.P., G.C.B., and G.C.M.G.

THE ROYAL NAVAL, MILITARY, AND

EAST INDIA LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. Established A.D. 1837, for GENERAL ASSURANCE ON LIVES, 13, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE PROFITS are divided amongst the Assured. The circumstances of the Society, on the occasion of the Second Septennial Division of Profits, in the present year, 1851, have warranted the apportionment of a Very Liberal Bonus.

The additions to various Policies are shown in the following examples:—

| Age when Assured. | Policy effected in. | Sum Assured. | Total Additions in 1851. | Participants in Two Septennial Divisions of Profits. |
|-------------------|---------------------|--------------|--------------------------|--|
| 25 | 1838 | £1000 | £164 12 2 | Participants in Two |
| 35 | 1838 | £1000 | £176 19 8 | Participants in Two |
| 45 | 1838 | £1000 | £219 6 6 | Participants in Two |
| 53 | 1838 | £1000 | £235 19 8 | Participants in Two |
| 64 | 1838 | £1000 | £268 1 3 | Participants in Two |
| 26 | 1844 | £1000 | £49 12 0 | Participants in One |
| 36 | 1844 | £1000 | £59 4 9 | Participants in One |
| 46 | 1844 | £1000 | £77 13 0 | Participants in One |
| 55 | 1844 | £1000 | £83 13 7 | Participants in One |
| 66 | 1844 | £1000 | £94 15 8 | Participants in One |

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT BRETTELL, Secretary.

This day is published,

THE LILY AND THE BEE:

An Apologue of the Crystal Palace.

BY SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. In small 8vo, price 5s., cloth gilt.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON. TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SEQUEL TO "THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE."

On 1st November, 1851, will be published, PART I., to be continued Monthly, Price One Shilling each,

THE SHABBY FAMMERLY;

OR,

HOW THE STUCKUPS WHO WAS "NOBODY" STRUGGLED TO BE "SOMEBODY."

EXPOSED BY EMMERLY TIDDIVATE,

(LATE "FAM DE SHAM" TO THE FAMMERLY, THOUGH REALLY AND TRULY I WERE NOTHINK BUT A COMMON HOUSEMAID AND WORKED OFF MY LEGS.)

MISS E. TIDDIVATE, in making this her first *debut* before a Generous British Publick, hopes the Cautious Reader will look upon her authorgraphy with an indulgent i, as E. T. is entirely self-learn't and was never brought up to wheeled a pen; but really I feel it my dooty to propergate all the mean artifices and paltry subterfices my late missuses (who axchully wanted to be mistook for some of the *owc tong*) was guilty of as I pursessed the entire confidence of both the young ladies and their mar into the bargain likewise, which I told them they'd suffer for when they refuged to pay me my month as was my doo, so I mean to hold them up to publick reticule once a month, which I've nothink but a rights to in this land of liberties, and with that intentions I have kept a dairy every day of the nasty mean goings on of the whole of the shabby fammerly, who was always hunting after their bargains and their *tray bong marshes* as they called 'em—no matter who suffered so long as they got the things cheap. Oh I can't abear such mean ways!

Miss E. T. begs to throw herself on a human british publick, as she is satisfied it will not stand quietly by and see a poor helpless female put upon as I have been when her subscribers reads all she has gone through.

16, UPPER WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

"A series published by Messrs. Reeve and Benham, exceedingly well adapted for winning the sympathies and directing the observation towards natural objects."—ATHENÆUM.

POPULAR HISTORY OF BRITISH SEA-WEEDS, comprising all the MARINE PLANTS. By the Rev. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, A.L.S. Royal 16mo. With Twenty coloured Plates. 10s. 6d. [Second Edition.]

POPULAR HISTORY OF MAMMALIA. By ADAM WHITE, F.L.S. With Sixteen coloured Plates of Quadrupeds. By B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S. 10s. 6d.

POPULAR MINERALOGY. By HENRY SOWERBY. With Twenty coloured Plates. 10s. 6d.

POPULAR BRITISH ORNITHOLOGY. By P. H. GOSSE. With Twenty coloured Plates. 10s. 6d.

POPULAR BRITISH ENTOMOLOGY. By MARIA E. CATLOW. With Sixteen coloured Plates. 10s. 6d.

POPULAR FIELD BOTANY. By AGNES CATLOW. Second Edition. With Twenty coloured Plates of Figures. 10s. 6d.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

MEDICAL, INVALID, AND GENERAL LIFE

OFFICE, 25, Pall Mall.

During the Ten Years this Society has been established, more than Three Thousand Two Hundred Policies have been issued.

Covering Assurances to the extent of Thirteen Hundred Thousand Pounds.

Yielding Annual Premiums amounting to upwards of Fifty-three Thousand Pounds.

This Society is the only one possessing Tables for the Assurance of Disposed Lives.

Healthy Lives assured at lower rates than at most other Offices.

A Bonus of 2 per cent. per annum was added to the policies at last Division of Profits.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every other information, may be obtained of the Secretary at the Chief Office, or on application to any of the Society's Agents in the country.

F. G. P. NEISON, Actuary.

C. DOUGLAS SINGER, Secretary.

ENGINEERS', MASONIC, and UNIVERSAL

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Head Office, 345, Strand, London, opposite Waterloo Bridge.

Assurance against railway and all other accidents, whether on shore or afloat.

Policies indisputable.

A person, aged 30, by payment of 13s. 1d. per quarter, may secure to his family £100 in the event of his death occurring from any accidental circumstance whatever, or from any description of disease.

No charge for policy stamps or entrance fees.

Medical referees paid by the Society for their reports.

The 13s. 1d. per quarter includes all expenses.

The number of Policies now issued exceeds 1300.

London, Suburban, and Provincial Agents wanted.

By order,
FREDERIC LAWRENCE, Actuary and Secretary.

UNION ASSURANCE OFFICE. (FIRE—LIFE

—ANNUITIES.) CORNHILL AND BAKER STREET.

LONDON; COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN; AND GRONINGER STREET, HAMBURG. INSTITUTED, A.D. 1714.

LIFE—Reduced Rates for Young and Middle Ages, with the Guarantee of a Company in existence for nearly 140 Years.

The last BONUS (1848) gave ADDITIONS to Policies varying from 25 to 70 per cent. on the previous Seven Years' Premiums.

Lower Rates without Profits.

Two-thirds only of the Premium may be paid until death.

Decreasing and Increasing Rates of Premium, and half-yearly or quarterly.

Loans Granted. Medical Fees allowed.

FIRE INSURANCES at the usual Rates, and PROFITS returned on Policies taken out for Seven Years by prompt payment.

March 7th, 1851. THOMAS LEWIS, SECRETARY.

MITRE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE AS-

SOCIATION, 23, Pall Mall.

Tables based on the experience of 62,000 assurers.

Short term policies extended to the whole of life.

Loans granted to benefited clergymen on personal security, combined with a life policy effected with the Association.

W. BRIDGES, Actuary and Secretary.

CITY OF LONDON LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY, 2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.

Actuary—G. J. FARRANCE, Esq., F.I.A.

Prospectuses with Proposals for INDISPUTABLE POLICIES, &c., may be obtained from

E. F. LEEKS, SECRETARY.

London: Printed by LOVELL REEVE, of No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in the county of Middlesex (at the office of Messrs. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, Chandos Street, Covent Garden, aforesaid); and published by him at the office of Messrs. REEVE and BENHAM, No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

—Saturday, October 4, 1851.